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To Mr J. Russell & Co
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4.
INTERMITTENT

THOUGHTS.

BY

MRS. EMILY M. BLAKESLEE BOYDEN.
"AUNTIE EM."

Author of

"LITTLE RUTH THE TOOTHACHE GIRL," "AUNTIE EM'S SONGS,"
"SONG LEAVES FOR CHILDREN,"
etc.



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Dedicated

WITH LOVE AND ESTEEM

To My Eldest Son,

Henry D. Boyden, M. D.

SALUTATION.

This little fugitive from justice is sent out not to search for new friends, nor to enlighten the wise, but as a loving messenger to those near and dear to me.

Respectfully,

THE AUTHOR.

*Children, mine, when shadows gather
'Round thy hearthstones, lone and drear;
Longing, wishing for thy Mother,
Then these lines will seem most dear.*

*Ah! 'tis then these various fragments
Will be sought as echoes dear,
Not for value of the segments,
But thy Mother wrote them here.*

*Hours of joy and hours of grieving
Penned she thoughts, as dews will fall;
Penned them as the muse relieving
Aching heart, or joy withal.*

*Let it seem like Mother talking,
Whiling thus an hour away;
While our souls are thus communing
Gather blessings while ye may.*



MUSIC.


A Fragment.

IN wood and valley, o'er the plain and hill,
We hear the song of birds, both sweet and shrill;
The murm'ring brook, the gentle soughing breeze,
The roaring torrent, north winds 'mong the trees,
The east wind's sad refrain, as drop her tears,
And man with voice of praise, all nature cheers.
Thus, music fills the parts of Nature's whole—
Each hath its charm that permeates the soul.

The music of the birds, the brook, the wind,
Fulfills its mission, thrills the heart, the mind,
The music in the soul shines forth—such bliss!
No grander music do I crave than this;
For aye! when thus imbued by Nature's throes
The soul of mortal man with music glow.

SONNET.

“There’s a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.”— *Hamlet. Act V, scene II.*

HEN looking backward o’er life’s changing scenes
From joy to grief, from grief to joy, I see
Thy hand, O, *Thou* great *Leader*, showing me
Though I may plan and boast, it intervenes.
A higher mind with nobler thoughts e’er reigns
To guide aright my erring feet and keep
Them oft from slipping—*Marah’s* waters deep—
That I may land, “dry shod,” on *Jordan’s* plains.

Then, why, my soul, this ever strong desire
To venture forward—hasten untried schemes,
To vaunt in face of fact, “*free agent*” themes,
When *Thou*, O, *God*, dost reign? Why, thus conspire
To controvert *Thy* word and ways, *Thy* plans,
Say will is free, when *Death* “*free agent*” strands?

RETROSPECTION.

Sonnet.


LONG years swept by of sunshine, clouds and rain,
And through the mixture gleams of joy and grief,
The heartfelt joy so varied, transient, brief;
The longing, trusting, breaking hearts scarce deign
To catch the silver glinting light beneath
The cloud which thus the burdened souls ensheath.
But, lo! amid this darkness, not with chain
Are bound our many sorrows, but with tie
So fragile, that the voice, the plaintive cry
For light, for mercy, joy, will break its strain
O'er burdened heart, and light and love bestow:
The soul's then filled with praise, no clouds, no woe,
But all is peace, the heart attuned to joy,
Transcendent love for God, without alloy.

APOSTROPHE.

(Written on PIKE'S PEAK, August 19, 1889.)

Altitude 14,336. ft.

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 , THOU Most High, wilt deign draw nigh and fill
Me with *Thy Presence*, whilst I bow my head
In humble adoration? When from off
This lofty peak I view the vastness of
The panorama spread before me, thoughts
Come over me of those who've questioned Thee—
The Godhead right, as 'twere an idle tale;
And yet, could they have viewed this landscape—
this
So full of beauty of sublimest form,
Bestowing e'en a single thought on one
Grand portion that *Thou* hast conceived, brought
forth,
How could they've longer doubted that *Thou* art
O, God, Omnipotent, Who formed the earth?

Most noted Peak, upon thy top I sit
In rapt amazement. When along thy side
I rode, I gazed, in wonder, at thy grand
Imposing height, and vast immensity,
But, lo! upon thy crown as one entranced
With awe I view the varied fancies of
The Artist true, aye, God's own handiwork.
In word could I give vent to thought, I'd write


It here, but, ah! so meagre effort is
That's human, words inadequate I find
T' express from depths of soul so wrapt in thought
Of God's sov'reignty—o'erpowering all.

Thou grand and lofty Peak, as morn illumes
Thy brow and shadows fall around on rocks
Of lesser mould *thy* greatness to enhance,
The mem'ry wanders back to days long past
When searchers sallied forth for gold within
Thy breast; who fell by savage hand or gaunt
Despair, their expectations unfulfilled;
Whose bones now lie all bleached among the rocks
And sage-bush on the plains, their names unknown.
In silence standest thou regardless of
Their fate. As I look down from off thy crest
Of stones and view the endless landscape o'er,
Thy grandeur into insignificance
Doth sink beside the wisdom His Who made
Both thee and all I see before me now.
To view this scene sublimest thought is reached
And all that's human naught, beside our God.

DREAMING.

DREAMING I heard quaint music long,—
Faint echoes came adown the years
From David's harp, from Sappho's song,
From Lydian lyres, that charmed mine ears.

JUNE.

OFT breath of June, with skies of deepest blue,
With floating, fleecy clouds of palest hue,
How love I thee.

How love I thee who bringest velvet lawns,
The song of birds, the breath of new-mown hay,
While roses rare fill in the niches, where
Sweet fragrance play.

E'en berries, ripen red—thy sun's warm glance,
And crickets, hop-toads, cross my path perchance
To frolic in their glee.

And, as I swing in hammock low,
My varied fancies come and go
While list'ning to the twitt'ring bird;
Or, in a listless languor, dwell
On thoughtless word.

A word that lingers in my brain
Like cank'rous acid eating in,
Where long in sorrow it hath lain,
Now courts this soothing balm.

Sweet June, art thou not happy 'mid thy train
While scatt'ring rose-buds, where the snow hath lain,
And spreading o'er the ground a mantle green
While silver maples shimmer o'er the scene?

I know thou art, for all aglow
Each plant and bush (they seem to know

Sweet June is here.)

And skipping 'round their dams are seen

The lambkins white on grasses green,

While, through the whole, the humid air

Dispels all thought of needless care.

As o'er the fields I cast mine eye,

A flight of meadow-larks I spy;

The cattle tramping clover heads

As rush they from their rough-hewn sheds

To drink the waters of a brook

That ripples, ripples, ever ripples through

Each nook along.

Soft summer June, a lay I'll sing,

While fingers tremble o'er the string

Of my guitar.

I'll sing to thee in softest strain

Of joys I've tasted o'er again;

I'll play and sing a slumber song

Thy genial spirit brought along

And gave to me.

Ah! tarry long, prithee, dear June,

That I may breathe thy sweet perfume;

Then, as thou pass mine humble door,


Just let my spirit go before

So I will find the evergreen

Where thou dost rest in quarantine.

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

On his 84th, Birthday, Dec. 17, 1891.

AY I greet thee, tho' a stranger,
Lay one leaf— tho' meager be—
Underneath thy crown of laurel,
Sing one song of praise to thee?

In thy reaping soon as scatter'd,
Richest harvest, meeds of praise
Rare as roses in the winter
Come to thee— ere end thy days.

Years a many thou hast fed us
Food so choice, that angels heed:
Rare and richest gems in story
Sad or solemn as we need.

Scarcely thinking, all unheeding
Who should drink this nectar thine,
Thou hast poured from out thy chalice
Floods of choicest, purest wine.

Still sing on, thou vet'ran singer,
Songs of beauty rich in thought;
For thy songs I cherish greatly;
Happy, pleasant hours they've brought.

Could I only touch thy garment,
Kneel in shadow at thy feet;
Then, on me thy mantle falling,
Joy on earth would be complete.

Far from thee may Death be "Snow-bound,"
Mind of thine as noonday sun;
Basking e'er with full fruition,
In the honors thou hast won.

Vi'lets yellow I would send thee,
Lilies pure lay at thy shrine;
Pansies sweet, unrivaled tokens
Of the joy thy thoughts refine.

Take thee, then, these peerless blossoms,
Fragrant as thy thoughts are dear;
Take them, with the best of wishes,
As thy *Birthday boutonniere*.

ACROSTIC.

To Mrs. F. C. on the birth of her little daughter.

Ruth little baby-girl, rosy and dimpled,
Up as a fairy she came unto thee;
To thy nest, there to nestle, while claiming
Holiest, fondest of love.— Ah, me!

Came with a smile, as a trust to thee sacred,
Loaned from the Father's most precious of pearls;
Enthroned as a queen till Death's dart thrusting
Veil the bright eyes, the dimple and curls.
E'er till thou hearest the call of the Master,
Lovingly beckoning with Him to roam
Away from thy care and motherly loving,
Noiselessly, fearlessly, bears thro' the gloam
Dearest of jewels, the joy of thy home.

TO MY DAUGHTER HELEN.

On her Birthday.

IS morning hour. How can I tune my lyre
To sing thy praises true—so grand thy life?
Yet, fain erect would I a worthy pyre
Of words bereft of flatt'ry's nothingness;
And tho' my muse may fail me in my zeal,
Perhaps the fondness I express may shield
The lack of grace and genius in my soul
And heal the wound it makes. Forbear if words
Mul'tudinous distract, encumbered
Each line with fulsome verbiage, and naught
Of beauty's curves in purity of thought
Appear to draw thee near the subject I
Would treat. The subject, ah! *the record true*
Of daughter mine, and, such it is, I'll raise
My feeble voice to speak of virtues rare,
And purity of purpose. Naught but flow'rs
When wet with dew dispelling fragrance rare,
Could e'er compare with thee. Thy life work could
Not be enhanced in worth by honeyed words
Or fulsome praise, e'en were it penned in phrase
Sublime; but echoes back unselfish true
Devotedness. This birthday morn, thou asked
Some thought from me, thy Mother. Would I had
The power to pen my thoughts, the choicest gems
I'd place upon the shrine of love, and bear
Them thee,—ay, then 'twould be but aftermath
The harvest gleaned—while incense from my heart
Would rise in gratitude to Him Who gave
Me thee, my daughter. * * * * *

REPLY.

To "IF THOU ART" A poem by May Ferrand.

THO' never from thy lips a prayer arise,
Thy *Father* doth thy inmost soul perceive;
The latent spark within, He'll ne'er despise
But fan it into flame, and thus relieve
The doubting, darkened soul when trial underlies;
'Tis then, the quickened spirit prays, retrieve.

Yes, He will come to thee, He knows thy need
E'en tho' thy faith as grain of mustard be;
He'll ne'er forget, but watch the bruised reed.
Abide *His* time:—one seeming blind, may see
How kindly pitieth He without the need
Of weak petition—and how near to thee.

From out the heart the echoes come of ill
Or good, if heart be longing, why, then, prod
With doubts and fears? why not find pleasure still
In asking what is not revealed but known to God?
Tho' small our knowledge is beside His will,
Yet, not a sparrow falls without His nod.


From *Marah's* waters deep He'll lift thee up
Till thou wilt question not nor doubt His love
Who said:—"My sheep *will* hear my voice." Look up
When glitt'ring scenes allure and tempt to rove;
Within thy breast conflicting doubts may rupt
Thy peace, but, list! thy Maker reigns above.

UNION OF BLUE AND GRAY.

(Written and set to Music by request.)

(Dedicated to Capt. W. F. Wilkins, A. M. M. D., of Kansas City, Mo.)
Vol. III, Auntie Em's Songs for Children.

COPYRIGHTED 1891.

S E'ER falls the dew of the ev'ning,
It falls o'er the brave and the true;
While sunshine, or storm of the morning,
Affect not those *sleeping in Blue.*

The season, tho' heat of the summer,
Or frost of the cold winter day,
Alike to the brave Southern sleeper,
The *soldier who sleeps in the Gray.*

The slave is now freed from his shackles,
The warring of brothers is o'er;
So painful, so sad is the story,
None can but regret and deplore.

Had ransom been paid from our treasure,
Redeeming the "down trodden slave,"
And lives of our white brothers spared,
Then all were as *loyal as brave.*

We wake to our follies with sadness,
Too late to redeem what we've lost;
We weave in the wreath with the laurel
The rue, with regret at the cost.

The UNION, ah! naught could it sever,
So firmly, so staunch was its hold;
Our *Flag*, although marred was the treasure,
So sacred in every fold.

APOSTROPHE.

Fair Cuba, Hail!

FAIR Cuba, fettered island in the sea!
Is justice better served, by serving thee
With hands imbrued with blood— men slain
To set thee free— forgetful of the Maine?
Ah! no! 'twere better far to ask— demand
A ransom, and a forfeit of the land
To plant a standard strong for Freedom's shrine;
Thy people's freedom from a tyrant's grasp;
From Weyler's cruel sting like venom of the asp.
Then o'er the Cuban graves the grass would grow
Well watered by the tears of friends who know
How deep their suff'rings were— how base the deed
That marked them victims of rapacious greed.
Then hail! fair land, as we our loved ones send
To bring thee peace and plenty till the end.
The task is great, the noblest part of all,
'Tis freely done, tho' husbands, sons, may fall;
Tho' dark the cloud may no more blood be shed;
May thy good guardian angel guide and spread
His wings o'er all, till peace brings healing balm
And Freedom's blossoms flourish 'mid the palm.

THE RIGHT VIEW.

A TRAV'LER, resting at the Inn
Of Roderigo, bold and thin,
Was asked, if he e'er went to war,
If he a veteran soldier were?

The hale old man, his chair astride,
Looked up and said:— "Whate'er betide
I ne'er have laid a brother low,
I ne'er could be induced to go
And fight my neighbor, wrong or right,
As I view manhood through my light.
Ha! why should I a keeper be
Of *brother man who equals me?*
While *I* think this way *he* thinks *that*,
So 'twixt the two, 'tis tit for tat.
I've heard a tale full often told
That broth'rly love be pure as gold;
That *He's* the Captain, He the Judge,
'Tween brothers when they hold a grudge."

LEAVES OF AUTUMN.

Vol. III, Auntie Em's Songs for Children.

COPYRIGHTED, AND SET TO MUSIC.

DRIFTING, drifting, sere and yellow;
Ripened leaves at Autumn's call;
O'er the fields by rains made mellow;
Withered, dying, thus they fall.

In their lives so full of beauty,
Shadowed they the great and small;
Lived and died, yet, did their duty;
Faded, fallen, brown their pall.

Nature's mold is thus the richer,
Stronger'll grow the mother tree;
Spring will bring again in beauty,
Brighter, greener leaves to see.

HIS PROMISE SURE.

CAST down? ah! no, but lifted up,
The surging billows o'er the breakers bore
My bark, and left my sorrows (bitter cup
I was to drink) beneath the waves e'ermore.

Thy words of promise, sacred words,
Came whisp'ring peace and hope; Thy store
Of love so free—like oil sweet calm affords
As when the waves beat on the shore.

ISAIAH. XLI. — 13.

HEAR Father, hold my hand,
I feel the chill of eve,
The dewy dampness dread;
O, Father, take me home.

I feel the deep'ning shade
Of the dim flick'ring flame,
As darkly grows the light,
And I am nearing Thee.

O, lead me boldly o'er
The breaking billows, lest
I faint— am swallowed up
Beneath the angry waves.

Throw 'round me strength'ning grace,
Support my sinking soul
As I approach thy throne;
O, Father! hold my hand.

I ask, O, Lord, for light,
To feel thy strength'ning power,
Let light illumine my soul
To meet the *Great Unknown*.

O, Father! hold me firm
As I Thy face may view,
Lest poor unworthy me
Might faint in realms divine.

VISION OF HOME.

IS MIDNIGHT— weary and wakeful,
In vision I wander back home,
To the dear old home of my childhood,
And wonder how I could e'er roam

Away from a home that nestled
Adown in the valley so grand,
'Mid the balsams, and maples, a picture
The fairest in all of the land.

I pull the same bell ere I enter
The quaintest of hallways, at home;
And I stop for the greeting and welcome,
The welcome that never can come.

I enter, and 'round the broad hearth-stone,
The circle's complete as of yore;
My Mother just folding her knitting,
My Father with Bible before.

I see that 'tis nearing their bedtime;
I listen, and hear them all sing
"*The Lord is my Shepherd*," so cheering,
That wildly my heart-beats do ring.

I see there my sisters, my brother,
They're tracing in coals, castles fine,
Tho' singing with zest the dear anthem;
The alto and base well define.

My Mother so clear sings the treble,
My Father's fine tenor above,
That the air seems filled with the fervor
Of worship and holiest love.

So deeply enthralled was the vision
It seemed that no shadow could come;
That it ne'er could be but delusion
And only the breezes low hum.

And when they had ceased their singing
'Twas all overshadowed with gloom;
Then they faded away so quickly,
And there was the empty room.

The embers were dead on the hearth-stone,
The spider webs over them thrown;
So weird and so painful the silence
That from it I wandered alone.

I searched through the fields for the phantom,
Through granary, orchard, and barn;
But only the traces of strangers
Were scattered o'er field and o'er cairn.

Morn broke in the same old fashion,
The sun, rising over the hill,
Just gilding the tips of the treetops;
The robins there nesting at will.

The clover in the fields as ever
Grew on red and white as before;
There the same cool stream was running
As though it would run evermore.

I saw then a light through the vista,
Of beauty so gloriously bright,
It filled me to fullness with feelings
That dried up my tear dimmed sight.

Afar in the church, the *Triumphant*,
The guests were assembled once more;
I saw them through halo of glory,
All safe, through the wide open door.

*But, O, 'tis the weakest of vessels,
The heart when bereft and alone,
When tossed by the rage of the tempest,
On shoals that to mountains have grown.*

Now over the doorstep the grasses
Have fallen and there they decay,
As mingles the tangle-weed with them,
For gone are the charmers away.

I've listened for echoes of footsteps,
And dreamily heard the sweet song
Which soothed my sad soul in its seething,
Prepared me for bearing the thong.



JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

AYE, in the morning cometh joy,
The heart with love doth over flow;
For Thou, my God, without alloy
Hast filled it with Thy heavenly glow.

My table's spread with dainty food
Thy love so great, no need of more;
Thy cheering words, each varying mood,
No richer wine was drunk before.

ACROSTIC.

April 22, 1890.

J. STERLING MORTON.

Stop, worthy sir, can'st pause a moment, list,
To read of laurel crown bestowed on thee
Ere thou may'st rest beneath the cypress tree?
Rare are such gifts in life, more often mist
Lain thick to sadden noble lives; but wist!
I therefore wreathe in rhyme—tho' poor it be—
Note thus the honor due most royally.
Gav'st thou the key-note— we the laurel twist;

Mak'st thou the waste place glad—the joyous heart
On this thy “Arbor Day,” while child and man
Remember thee; in praises voice their part
That e'er extol thy name for this thy plan.
One tree I'll plant, and none more fitting be,
No emblem truer than the Hickory.

MEN AND TREES,

Versus

VINES AND WOMEN.

Dedicated to S. B. A.

ASSEMBLED on a lawn of green
Four trees in consultation stood,
Their merits to discuss, with keen
Foresight their charming points “were good.”

Ignoring quite a clinging vine
Entwined about with graceful ease,
As weak and only fit to climb
On kitchen walls and old dead trees.

The Maple spoke in silv’ry tones,
“From well formed leaves quaint shadows fall;
My blood is rich, and sweetness loans
To lover’s lips, and lassies small.”

The Willow said, in pensive strain,
“I flourish ’midst the heaviest rain;
I sway and moan, on slightest breeze,
And droop my limbs with perfect ease.”

The graceful Elm scarce spake one word
But there it stood so stately, grand,
They’d not agree (by envy stirred)
To crown it King o’er all the band.

The strong, staunch *Oak*, with coarse voice said:
“The fiercest storms may beat me long,
I stand up grandly—limbs and head—
Where birds find shade and sing their song.”

Then softly, the Vine said: "I'll cling and I'll twine
Fine tendrils on Willow, Oak, Maple and Elm;
I'll teach them a lesson to justice incline,
By showing *my* power o'er the trees of the realm.
"I'm thought frail and weak, so amount to mere
naught,
By stronger and larger of Nature's own mold;
I note *I can press my small tendrils so taut*
That I can be felt, if no voice in the fold."
Just clinging tight, and creeping still
It covered o'er their lofty heights;
And silently did twine at will
Till silenced were those Chiefs of might.

To——

HOU ask me to send you some verses
Rich in their beauty of thought,
Ah! would I could furnish the treasure,
Poems all daintily wrought.

Just ask for the gold from a mountain,
Treasure from depths of the sea;
But poesy perfect in structure,
Comes not from mortal like me.

As dew-drops do sparkle in sunlight,
So does the beauty of verse;

Then how can a mind that is weary
Teem e'er with lines that are terse?

Oh! how can the fig leaves be gathered,
Gathered from thistles and tares;
Or grapes from the thorny old tree-tops,
Mind ever laden with cares?

ACROSTIC.

*Written for the 100th anniversary of the inauguration of
GEORGE WASHINGTON. April 30, 1889.*

GO RING the chimes, beat loud the drum,
E'en tho' the din may reach the skies;
O, shout! hurrah! let echoes come!
Raise high our flag, as forth it flies
Glorious and grand, shorn not of one
Embazoned star, exultant rise!

Was e'er a man so noble, true,
As he who fought thro' battles rife
Shielding his country's honor, drew
His sword for freedom, pledged his life
In humble, thoughtful, hopeful view?
No, noble Chief! no trophy won
Gives half the honor justly due
To thee. Let *Fame* enroll her son
On History's page with praises new,
Note thou thy laurels, *bravely won*.

To G. W. CURTIS.

Written after reading "PRUE AND I."

I've been reading of fancies of others
Who've travel'd the wonderful sea,
Just to visit their fairy old castles,
The castles, belonging to me.

Never dreaming that one could have holdings
In mythical castles of Spain,
Who e'er lives in a realm not delusive,
Who owns a *Chief* editor's brain.

It is "Prue," oh! that dear little mender
Of pants that are torn and so old,
Who might visit full oft the fair city
Where emeralds gleam with the gold.

But alone she is sitting demurely
While caring for pearls now in store
And just living on love of the sailor,
The sailor who sails on the shore.

Yes, she lives on a loving remembrance
Of visions (he's gifted in lore)
He has led her the routes he has traveled,
Without any baggage or store.

It is pleasant to listen and travel,
No matter if sunshine or cloud,
With the one who oft visits his castles
So happily— richly endowed.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

ARBOR DAY.

I'LL plant a tree, dear child, for thee,
And o'er it charms will throw,
Invite the rain my prize to see
And water so 'twill grow.

Which shall it be of all we see
I'll plant for thee this day,
As lasting loving legacy
To shade life's rugged way?

The *Willow*? no! too sad its wail!
As whisp'ring winds its requiem sing
Thro' drooping branches—mourning veil
Where solemn mem'ries closely cling.

The *Elm* so tall and graceful, too,
Hath many charms for me;
The *Maple* hath its sweets for you,
Its shade with beauty blending, free.

Cedar of Leb'non it should be
With fragrant, hardy spines;
The index of my love for thee,
Unfailing in all climes.

But no, the rugged, hardiest tree
I'll plant to shelter, shade;
Lasting as time, the *Oak* will be,
So hand to me my spade.

TO MY SON.

Dec. 14 1893.

I WAS sixty years ago to-day,
And add four more you may,
Unto my soul light ope'd the door,
Life's drama here to play.

When played my part you will assent
My earnest zeal well meant;
If wisdom failed you can but see
'Twas not with wrong intent.

The varied scenes of joy and grief
Well pictured in relief,
When curtain's up and gaslight on
Let critic gaze be brief.

For soon old Time will surely frown
And ring the curtain down;
The last act o'er, my spirit soar
To seek the humblest crown.

SHADOW.

O! why doth my heart e'er repine and bewail,
When waves of deep sorrow come merciless o'er
Engulfing my soul, so rebellious and frail,
In darkness profound while I grope for the door?

GEN. WM. T. SHERMAN.

In camp on the "BIG BLACK." Miss. 1863.

As THE Autumn leaves were falling,
Breezes calling
Perfume thro' the humid air;
Tenting lone a soldier sitting,
Thoughts e'er knitting,
Dreaming not of shadows there.

Thinking of his home bestowing
Heart o'erflowing,
Ever restless to be there;
Longing for the children's chatter,
Footsteps patter,
For his wife and easy chair.

Greetings tender, O, the greeting!
Lips then meeting,
Tiny fingers thro' his hair.
Writes the brave old soldier father:
"Come, let's gather
Roses wild in balmy air."

Writes he thus a letter, asking,
Lightly tasking
Zephyrs floating thro' the air;
When the south-wind gently blowing
Message going
Till it reaches hearth-stone there.

Ah! the light of morn is breaking,
Hope is taking
Buds of fruitful promise, rare;

Came the wife and loving children,
Happy children,
Naught could with this joy compare.

Manhood's noble love for Union,
Full communion,
Breathing ever incense there.
Willie, now, so manly growing,
And so knowing,
He must be his father's heir.

Heir to honor, manhood's treasure,
Gen'rous measure
From a father's garnered share;
Lightly lifting forged shackles
Manhood tackles,
With his firm invidious care.

Then the soldiers honored Willie,
Tender lily,
Sergeant of the "Thirteenth's" care;
Fondly noting thus the father
Thought to gather
Laurels for his soldier there.

On this southern Autumn landscape,
After hand shake,
Came a shadow o'er the gloam;
O'er the meadows flit the swallows,
O'er the fateful loam.

'Mid the lulling zephyrs softly,
O, so softly!
Came the pestilential air;
Stealing through the cherished casement,
Without abasement
Stealing one so hard to spare.
Tenting lone the father's weeping,
Ever keeping
Message from his dying boy.
Ring you on, oh! bells of vesper,
Ev'ning quester,
Doleful dirges, reft of joy.
Realms of heaven in thee are basking
Without asking,
In the glory of the Son;
Gather'd there the loved and loving,
Ever loving,
Endless as the Holy One.

TO ———.

TRUE Friendship wove a garland fair
Of woodland's choicest flow'rs one day,
Forget-me-nots wild, rosebuds rare,
Sweet violets, cedar-buds and bay.

The zephyr passing caught it up
And, fairy like, it wafted on
To thee,— to deck thy brow, thy cup
Of joy to fill, and then sped on.

To DR OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Written after reading his book, "Over the Teacups." Sept. 1891.

A WAY near the village of Berkley
Dwells the merriest sage of the day,
While musing there over his teacups
He weaves us the cheeriest lay.

It's filled with the antics of witches,
As glide they the "small windows" through,
Astride of their tandem old broom sticks
With the same pointed hat and old shoe.

There is many a bright interloc'tor
And many a hint we should prize;
O, give us the dear old doctor,
And spare us from specialist wise.

This man who has filled full of gladness
The hearts of the halt and the blind;
Who's fill'd us with music and laughter,
With rations of thought e'er refined,

There sits, with his arms both akimbo,
And asks, "what old writers shall do"
When they have no fancy for knitting
Nor any the fads that are new?

Wise Sir:— For a moment please listen
To song of the carrier-bird
Which brings you the thought e'er so cheering,
Thy record— thy life— in a word.

To science thou'st given a treasure
Of value to incoming years,
While mingling much laughter with physic
Thou'st swept away oceans of tears.

To feel thou hast helped one 'twas needy
With frankness and kindest word, [way,
That thou'st blessed and brightened their path
Thou truly thereof must have heard.

The laurel we strew with our blessing
While yet thy soul's lamp is full trimmed;
'Twill fill all thy time to contemplate
Thy record that's never been dimmed.

*Written after a visit to the grave of HELEN HUNT JACKSON.
On Cheyenne mountain, Col. August 1839.*

DEEP nested 'mong pines on the mountain's bleak
side,

Lies one who in mem'ry e'er will abide;
While pilgrims pay homage, and thoughtfully sigh
Why one who was gifted so early must die.

In sight of her home was this chosen retreat,
Where oft she had lingered, the muses to meet,
And penned her pure thoughts, full of justice alway,
Which live on forever and lighten our way.


Lone dweller, on mountain of rugged Cheyenne,
Why chose thee thy grave so far from our ken?
We honored thy wish and brought stones that were
white

As the soul of the sleeper, then bade thee good-night.

TO MY SISTER.

Mrs. JEANETTE S. PRICE.

Read at the last reunion of her family. Dec. 31, 1888.

 , SISTER, Mother, Grandma, dear,
With joy we greet you here to-day,
Your Kinsmen, from afar and near
To celebrate— the good old way.

Your silvered hairs and noble heart
We honor, love, and cherish true;
With gratitude we thus impart
The warm affection justly due.

Your life replete, like golden grain,
Each page so full of gen'rous deed,
We stop and ask what more to gain
Than laurel crown from friends indeed.

The cloudless sky— the sun and rain—
Ah! who can tell who first may die,
And once again a link be ta'en
From out the chain that forms the tie?


Or, who shall wait on Jordan's strands,
When we on earth may meet no more,
To close the eyes and fold the hands
Of one so good whom we adore?

With brimming eyes, yet joyous hearts,
We ask that you may long be spared,
To cheer us on, though treach'rous darts
In Time's rough quiver oft be bared,

Then let us hope to meet again,
Ere you may go to spirit land,
While naught of grief, but joy, remain
To reunite this fam'ly band
Only the riper. Sheaves to bind
With union's hallowed bands of love.
With joyous hearts and songs divined,
Prepared for richer worlds above.
Then take this nosegay, Sister, dear,
Of pansies, lilies, primrose sweet;
With blessings for the glad New Year,
To make this meeting's joy complete.


To MY YOUNG FRIEND.

Dec. 25, 1891.

 MESSENGER came in the twilight,
The eve of our Christ's birth-day,
With a gift of delicate blossoms;
A wish that will linger for aye!
An off'ring of tender affection,
Carnations of palest pink hue;
As sweet as tho' plucked in the summer
When wet were the petals with dew.
So fragrant, artistic, the nosegay,
I drew it still closer to me;
Found quaintly all tied in the ribbon,
The love of my friend, young Marie.
The beautiful thought, to thus brighten
A heart growing sere and so old,
Of a peerless and fair young maiden,
Shows friendship more valued than gold.

FLORA'S COLLOQUY.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

 IS thy mete to bid me *welcome*,
Trailing vine and starry flow'r,
By thy winning, twining tendrils
To thy pathway ever more.

Stars of pink in language tell me
I am *welcome* to thy charms,
O, how sweet such tender greeting—
Let me clasp thee in my arms.

DAHLIA.

Ah! thou sayest *thine forever*,
Thine to love thee, be it so;
Friend or foe shall never sever
Heart of mine thro' weal or woe.
See my face so full of curving
Rounded folds, so even— see!
Could'st thou read my heart not doubting
There would be a place for thee.

ALMOND.

Hope thou giv'st me in these blossoms,
I will heed it and live on,
Nourished by the incense laden,
And their beauty gaze upon.
Oh, to think I still am hoping
Thou wilt crown me with thy love;
Thou wilt keep me more from groping
For my cherished, truest dove.

ACACIA.

Yes, beneath thy thorny branches
Spied I there thy *love concealed*,
Smiling, smirking, at my chances,
Outward showing love congealed.

Ah! I'll open up the chalice
Holding wine so rich and rare;
I will dally without malice
'Mid the flowers not so fair.

HYACINTH.

Jealous? yes, I thought I'd rouse thee,
Teach thy heart to feel a pang,
By my language in thy hearing
I would cause thy head to hang
See if from thy chilling surface
I could not evoke a smile
As an index or a preface,
Brighter hours to thus beguile.

DAISY WILD.

I will think of it, I'm saying;
I will dream in pastures green,
I will tell thee when the haying
And the reaping mars the scene.
In the meadows while I'm sleeping
Dew-drops fall with cooling breeze,
And I see no cause for weeping
'Till I'm bound among the sheaves.

DAFFODIL.

Chivalry I'll teach thee, suitor,
From my heart that is thy due;
For thy arrogance and hauteur
I will challenge hearts more true.
They would think me not so faulty,
See the gem tho' meanly set;
Cherish words as yet unspoken
Without murmur or regret.

MORNING GLORY.

Yet thou thinkest of my blindness
To thy farce of *coquetry*;
Ah! my heart is filled with kindness
At thy furtive sophistry.
In the morning I will glory
At thy faint disguise o'er love;
I will then tell thee the story
How to play the part thou strove.

PANSY.

Teach me, do, oh, draw me near thee!
Think of me, my charmer dove!
I will kneel if thou wilt cheer me
By thy presence and thy love.
In thy breath the fragrance stealing
Sweeter than the op'ning rose;
It is life, 'tis love revealing
Balm that healeth all my woes.

RED PINK.

Ah! I've truly found thy secret,
Found that thou dost care for me;
Felt the tremor of thy heart-beat
Tho' disguised so carefully.

Bliss is mine beyond defining,
Pure and ardent love is thine;
Thou art mine no more repining,
Brightness gleameth— joy divine.

HONEYSUCKLE.

Thus the matin song I'm singing,
Bond of love, so strong and true
That my heart in rapture's beating,
Beating for my treasure new.

Let us sing the anthem chorus,
Join our voice in wild refrain,
That the life that's now before us
Naught will ever mar again.

PETITION.

GREAT God! Wilt Thou bend low thine ear
And listen as we breathe Thy name
And ask of Thee to draw Thee near
And quicken with thy heavenly flame?

Humbly we come on bended knee
To ask thy aid, to learn Thy will;
Purge not with hyssop— bitter tree—
But "Balm of Gilead" instill.

LUELLE.

A Tragedy.

Canto I.

THE time was eve. The place a vine clad bower
Of jasmine sweet, the gentle souging breeze
In minor cadence sang a symphony
So low, it left its soothing solace
O'er the soul, as oil o'er troubled waves that roll.
While o'er the stones, in laughing ripples, ran
The gurgling waters of a brook beneath
In rhythmic melody. All nature still
As drops of dew on flow'r cups gathered, thick
With perfume laden — incense of their lives—
Lay dormant, resting till the rays of sun
Shall burst the blossoms; bees will sip
The nectar, store in cells the sweet; we breathe
The perfumed air. And, as the maiden's mind
Mingled the music with her thoughts of love,
It lulled to luring dreams of lover true.
'Mid golden curls the zephyrs coyly played,
Leaving no impress on the upturned face,
As silver rays shot o'er the silent form
From moon resplendent, matchless Queen of Night.

Canto II.

O'er bog and cliff a horseman sped like one
Bereft of reason. Bending o'er he pressed
His spurs into his foaming charger's side;
Of pitfall fearless, as, o'er craggy height,
Thus sped he on. But why so eager, rash,

This gallant Knight? Ah, sad the tale! 'Twas love
For maiden fair whom rival lover sought
To claim; whose jewel gleamed on the hand
Of snowy whiteness, hers he loved so well.
And that, he reckless thought, foretold his fate.

Canto III.

The dews were falling fast as from his steed
Dismounted he where winding paths met on
The fresh mown lawn, beside a group of pines
E'er mingling fragrance with the hawthorn's breath.
One moment standing silent, still, gazed he
Upon this scene so tranquil, calm, and then,
As if impelled by unseen power, he walked
With light and quickened step, with throbbing brain
The well known path all thick with trailing vines,
With roses rare, till reached the trysting place
Where oft they'd met and pledged e'er to be true.

Canto IV.

As stood he gazing down on beauty rare,
His heart so full of mingled love and hate,
He longed to clasp the sleeping form and fly
To cave or mount, and hide his dear one there.
With deep and breathless pain thus bent he o'er,
And seemed to live for her alone, his all.
Her beauty drinking in, as thirsty ox
Doth quaff the cooling stream, which stilled his heart,
So troubled, with its magic pow'r, then grasped
He quickly his long cherished prize and 'round
The resting form he threw his silken scarf
And bore her far away from home and friends.

Canto V.

The silver rays of morning light o'erspread
The sky, and dew-drops glisten'd bright on tree
And shrub, like diamonds of rare purity
Just waiting fairy hands to cull, yet all
Were silent— save the bark of dog or voice
Of searcher echoing back— “no trace”— “no track”
To mark the flight or fate of fair Luelle.

Canto VI.


The robins redbreast sang their songs of love,
And piping linnets heeded not the cry
Of hawk or buzzard as they trooped from tree
To tree filling the air with sweetest notes,
Till all the world seemed charged with hope and joy.
Night came and went, but still no tidings came;
All nature seemed dumb to woe, save but
The birds who gave their sweetest notes of song
To cheer the hearts of those bereft and lone.

Canto VII.

As darkness gathered, clouds in blacken'd folds
O'erspread the sky, as fitful drap'ries hung
O'er crime most foul. High on the twisted crags
A dove of spotless white, a requiem moaned.
The wierd winds blew and wailed in direful tones,
And bending boughs did grate each other's sides
As if in anguish. Thunders rolled while flash
Of lightning pierced the gloomy gorge below.

Far down the steep a steed lay dead, and by
Him rider bold, whose side yet held the steel
Of rival dread; but, ah! his arms entwined
His jewel, fair Luelle— now all his own.


SUPPLICATION.

 O Thee, my Father, I will bring
An humble, contrite heart;
O, keep me 'neath Thy shelt'ring wing,
Thy grace and strength impart.

Draw near me, Father, leave me not
To battle life's drear ills;
But keep me ever, that my lot
Be pastures green,— ne'er failing rills.

Dear Father! keep me lest I stray,
O, guide my thoughts aright;
Lead me from darkness unto day,
Make light the shade of night.


CUBA.

 HRICE hail, fair Isle! the dawn is breaking
Behold! the brightness of the morn's at hand,
Thy pleading cry, no longer we'll withstand.
Tho' dimmed, oppressed, thy star shall rise and glow
And o'er the graves of loved ones roses blow
When thy fair land greets Freedom's waking.

THE SCOT'S REFRAIN.

Set to Music. Auntie Em's Songs for Children. Vol. III.

COPYRIGHTED 1895.

 F Scotland's sturdy sons I sing,
And heather blossoms gladly bring;
As *ance* were *gi'en* the sang of a'
By lad and lassie o'er the brae;

As piping herald o'er the pass
Came gaily down to greet his lass,
And sing with her the "*Bonnie Doon*"
Till glimmers faint the silv'ry moon.

O, Scottish sire and Scottish dame!
How sweet the echoes of that name
Where *ance* the plaid of old we wore
As *aft* we sat by cottage door

And caught the music as it fell
From mountain high or covert dell,
From roving hunter's alpine horn,
Or bagpipe in the breaking morn.

Dear as thou art, old Scottish home,
Tho' far from thee we e'er may roam,
We'll not forget thee if anew
We plight our troth to broth and brew

Of other lands, where Freedom's smile
And land and wealth, our steps beguile;
We'll bind the thistle and enchain
This dear free land with thy domain.

1492 — 1892.

OVER THE SEA CAME THE VESSELS.

Written for the "World's Columbian Exposition,"

SET TO MUSIC AND COPYRIGHTED 1891. "AUNTIE EM'S SONG LEAVES" FOR CHILDREN, VOL. II.

HES, over the sea came the vessels,
Each manned by a sturdy brave crew;
Till hope seem'd to die on the billow,
While far from the land they would view.

Vile mutiny whispered in anger,
When storms beat in fury the waves,
Till light of the dawn reft the darkness
Then hope buoyed the hearts of the brave.

And sighting the land in the distance,
Tho' only as large as a span,
Gave hope to the heart of the leader,
Restored to his honor each man.

Our hero, the honored Columbus,
Forgot not the *One* at the helm;
But humbly did thank the good Master
Who'd given this view of the realm.

Who'd succored from shipwreck and danger,
Who'd saved him from anger and strife,
And led him to lands so Elysian,
Thus crowning the thought of his life.

The hearts of the people are beating,
Are beating for him on this day;
Tho' honors of life are but fleeting
All his are as gold to the clay.


The flag of our freedom is flying
O'er land flowing honey and wine;
He planted its sturdy, strong standard
As firmly as faith that's divine.

Then here's to the name of the hero,
Columbus, the brave and the true—
Three cheers for the noblest of manhood.
For honors so justly his due.

1492—1892.

World's Columbian Exposition.

SET TO MUSIC AND COPYRIGHTED 1891. "AUNTIE EM'S SONG LEAVES FOR CHILDREN."

LL hail! yes, all hail to thee! echoes to-day,
As march we forth singing thy praises for aye!
Thou livest in mem'ry who landed on shore,
Who opened the way for our freedom e'ermore.

All hail! yes, all hail! we will honor the brave,
The hero who searched for land o'er the wave;
While fiercely the storm-king did beat on thy bark,
Still trusting thou waited for light thro' the dark.


All hail to thee! view thou this wonderful land,
Its richness of harvests, its wealth at command;
Its freedom, its flag that still floats o'er the main;
'Twill thrill thee with rapture as sweetest refrain.

We'll cheer for thee, cheer in remembrance to-day,
As well for the Queen as her brave *protege*,
We'll rouse one and all with our music and song,
Till echoes will roll all the heavens along.

1492. CHRISTO COLOMBO
IN PERSPECTIVE. 1892.

Written and set to music for the
"WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION."

COPYRIGHTED 1891.

N wings of Time,
I ween, was borne the talisman of years:
The mesm'ric charm tho' wet with tears
Helped Hope to haven safely Freedom's shrine,
Drink deep— her fill— from fount of living wine
Where Bacchus found his peers.

In wondrous dreams
I see a man whose soul is full of zeal
While kneeling low, o'erwhelmed with fears.
His pleading voice is borne to me, I feel
His throbbing heart, his beating pulse, his tears,
While ling'ring long for woe or weal.

No courtier's sneers,
No frown of sage, can daunt or thwart his dream;
He bravely bears and hopes the while
A heart to reach, with winning words beguile
His views to scan, to aid, to trust his scheme.
The moments seem like years.

Methinks I hear
A melody of words, not voice of page,
But liquid, fervent notes engage
Mine list'ning ear and light his face aglow.
I hear the words t'ncourage flow from lips
Of woman, soft and low.

Tenderly fall.

They fall as rippling waves whose silv'ry sheen
Lights up the vale, on heart serene.

I see the jewels sparkle, gems untold
There dangling down from dainty finger tips
To cheer the hero bold.

O'er boundless waves

I see the vessels, flick'ring flecks on sea,
The salty sea — despairing braves;
I hear the soaring sea-gull's moan so drear,
The hero call: "Hear Thou, O, God, my plea!
I wait, I wait Thee here!"

Gray morning dawns.

The leaping waters lave the ships bleached sides.
Far in the misty light there seems
A speck, a span; 'tis land! the land of dreams!
The hero tarries not; and once again
He kneels on Nature's lawn.

I see his form

With arm uplifted, folded flag unfurled,
Fair emblem of a new-born world
As't waves its greeting o'er the yet untried
And silent scene where it will e'er abide
And brave, yes, brave each storm.

He plants a pean rare

For Home, for Freedom, granting joy supreme;
I see it there, 'tis not a dream!
I sing his praise, this theme, tho' years have flown,
Four hundred years Time's dial point hath shown
As suns on suns declare.

He ventured, won.

And children's children e'er the riches reap.


Vast is the Nation's resource now—

From seedling, sapling, to the oaken bough.

Grim sages of the old world, wake from sleep!

And note our Nation's growth, close vigil keep.

THE MESSAGE.

 WRITE me a song— the old story repeat,
So charming, so flowing, with love so replete
'Twill tell me in words what tongue never told
Filled full of the flame that never grows cold.

That I e'er may sing and may croon when alone,
Thy beautiful thoughts, while the breezes will moan
Through willows weird wailings of wearisome woe,
A dirge o'er our love of the long, long ago.

She wrote me:—"My Muse I will send unto thee
And she'll tell the tale that thou asketh of me,
In musical tones she will charm e'en the dove.
And bring from the depths all your long buried love."

I looked for the charmer where roses e'er bloom,
Where lilies in purity, peer thro' the gloom,
Till weary of waiting I searched 'mid the trees
While music entrancing was born on the breeze.

So plaintive the muse, so inspiring the song,
It filled me with rapture all the day long;
It wakened the love so long covered with mold
And fell on my heart strings like "Apples of gold."

THE WHITE CITY.

World's Columbian Exposition. August, 24, 1893.

This out in this city so white, we behold
The hand-work of *One* that's perfect in mold,
The impress of genius, tho' rough be the face,
Tho' varied the color, how wondrous each race.

In this shimmer of light with marvels untold,
There's a lesson to learn, a page to unfold;
There's more than the outcome of money or gain,
The work of the Master— a story of fame.

Called forth from the isles, strange humanity comes
In all its regalia, its clanging of drums;
No idols are broken from over the sea,
But brazenly stand as *false symbols of Thee*.

From out of earth's treasures, from near and from far,
Are gathered rich jewels, silver and spar
And ingots of gold and diamonds as rare
As thought of the Grower— so heedless we are.

Lo! Vanity, Folly, bow down to a King,
Yet, deep in their hearts, they hear Liberty's ring;
While echoing tones throw a blush on the face
And Liberty weepeth at this deep disgrace.

Americans, rise! rise as patriots— sons!
While Liberty grieves o'er our stumbling, weak ones;
O, show to the wild man, the Tartar, the Turk,
In *the King whom we trust* no evil doth lurk.

The *Mogul* who worships his god-head o f stone
May be led by your light, *our Savior* to own;
May be taught by your deeds (for deeds do not die)
That this is a Nation whose God standeth nigh.

That, out of His fullness of mercy and love
There are tidings untold, *richest jewels above*;
The earth and its treasure are works of His hands
And *all are His people of every land*.

Let seed you are sowing, like nuggets of gold,
Be perfect in texture, untarnish'd by mold,
As it falls by the wayside, take root, there abide
Till gathered the harvest on Canaan's side.


O, teach them His love and His wisdom, His truth,
While here they are with you leave not to the
sleuth,

But teach them to pray and to sing to our God
The Author and Keeper of each earthly clod.

APOSTROPHE.

TO THE "WHITE CITY."

World's Columbian Exposition, August 24, 1893.

 THOU art grand in thy beauty, O, city so white!
And yet, like the mushroom, thou grew in a night;
As in Venice of old one can sail by the sea
And dream of thy wonders, so happy and free.

O, thou beautiful city! tho' short be thy stay,
We'll tread in thy palace-like temples to-day,
And we'll think of them now as our "castles from
Spain,"

Which ne'er but in fancy we'll visit again.

But, forsooth, thy designer the *Root* of the scheme,
Lieth low in Death's chamber— eternal his dream,
He dwells in a city, more wonderful— bright,
Illumed by a Presence of marvelous light.

We will weave thee a garland of laurel entwined
With the cypress, the harebell, with dead leaves
combined;

We will sing of thy grandeur, o'er land and o'er sea,
And crown thus the Artist, whose genius formed thee.

ALONE IN THE SILENT CITY.

After the close of the Columbian Exposition.

Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which
are, and the things which shall be hereafter. Rev. I. 19.

ALONE in the silent "White City,"
Alone, save the wind's chilling breath
As it whines thro' the cornice in pity
And whistles the song of its death!

How shallow, how fleeting its grandeur,
Like sepulchres "whited" of old;

Alas and alas, for its tenure,
Its life's like a story that's told!

Alone in the silence— the city
Where the wierd winds whistle and croon;
Will e'er be forgotten the ditty
Once wafted across the lagoon

Like the tones of the brooklet's murmur,
From voices that rippled and flowed
As soft as the breeze of the summer
While light on the zephyrs it rode?

I wander alone on the Plaza
And look there, in vain for the lights
To peep out like stars in the azure,
The search-light that wandered o' nights.

The fog and the mist of the meadow,
Like incense will cover the place
When gone are the temples and light glow
And dreariness cometh apace.

Oh! bar up the entrance forever,
I care not to visit its gloom;
Again let the tempest as ever
Hold carnival over its doom.

1893.

MIDNIGHT.

GOOD-BY— old Year,
Some traits were dear,
And some were trite and callow;
Thou'st held full sway
And had thy say,
Tho' often thou wert shallow.

Good-by, good-by,
With ne'er a sigh,
We'll raise our standard higher,
And laugh to scorn
Thy grief forlorn,
As New-Year comes the nigher.

Thou'st brought us sighs,
Deep grief that tries
One's heart with tensest pressure,
But also joy
Without alloy,
That made us Hope's possessor.

Then fare-thee-well,
Thy day doth tell
Of wondrous feats of glory;
Of reckless greed,
Of those in need,
Full and complete thy story.

Pass on, pass on,
Thy will is done,
Thou'st reached the climax truly;
So then we'll bow
Supinely now
As yield'st thy scepter duly.

Our lover new
Hath come in view,
Bright as the sun of morning;
With promise fair
To not ensnare
By outwardly adorning.

How many times it has been said
That "he who steals my purse, steals trash;"
Yet how much more the thieves I dread
Who cull my thoughts to spice their hash.

TO KINZA RINGE HIRAI.

(*A learned Japanese orator.*)

After listening to his essay at the WORLD'S PARLIAMENT OF RELIGION. August, 1893, reciting the wrongs said to have been done to his countrymen by the missionaries.

MEETING:—

How comes it thus the thralldom chains that charmed

The christian world are snapped asunder— torn
From out the socket patient faith, had wrought
Who'd poured the coffers out unstinted, free?
“Redeem a heathen world,” “where God had been
Before”. Equipped were men (*they thought were wise,*)
Well clothed in garments that true christians wore,
To carry forth God's word, *the erring guide;*
Not those who knew our Lord, the King of Kings,
Who'd quaffed the living wine, the love divine,
But those who found in stone or brass a God.
But, lo! the message comes of broken vows,
Frail, broken vessels, out from which hath poured
The rankest wine, “which smells to heaven” high,
And brings on every christian cheek a blush.
Brave man, thou Plato of the Japs, bring forth
Those men and name their crime, the wrong they've
done!

Those wolves men sent as messengers of peace,
Of hope and love. Ay! write and speak their names
And we will brand them e'en as Cain and thus
Avenge the wrong, the shame we wot not of.
Thou pleadest well thy cause, most noble sir!
Before thy caustic, stinging charge were done

Out from the depths of heart and soul there 'rose
The voice of protest, and its echo'll reach
From shore to shore. My brother, brave thou art
To travel o'er the sea and land to be
The bearer and proclaim thy Nation wronged, [throes
Thou stoodst as one whose heart was wrung with
Of anguish, so intense the picture drawn
In thy appeal to reason and the golden rule.
And, as the pathos of thy plea reached out
To hearts, to right this wrong, and greet thee as
A *man*, an equal in this land so free,
It found them not of stone, but those where words
Will root and grow, then, in good time bear fruit.
Pray, *judge not all* by acts of few; but, with
The christian heart and hand find welcome here
And bravely plead, as thou dar'st plead, thy wrongs,
The breadth and depth of God's eternal love,
The "Three in One"— the Master Builder of
Such zealous hearts, such gifted minds as Thine.

DECEMBER.

DECEMBER's breath, so clear, so cold,
Goes sweeping by so brisk and bold
That thro' my frame it vigor throws
While 'neath my feet the frosty snows
Just crack and crackle, crusty grows.

Oh! how I love those bracing blasts,
The drifting snow in heaps that last

Till March, whose echoing winds then pelt
Us with hard hailstones as they melt
And leave us but the chill we felt.

Why love I this cold Alpine shrine
When e'en the year goes in decline
And falls beneath his rival's tread,
Who stalks forth boldly— never led?
What careth he? the old year's dead.

Well, I will tell you why the charm
E'er cheers and comforts, makes me warm
As thro' my frame it coursing goes
And makes me strong— my cheek red glows—
Old mem'ries wake— December knows!

Way down among the eastern hills
A house there stood by rippling rills,
Where sat around a glowing fire
A Mother, daughters, son, and Sire,
So light of heart, while winds conspire.

Once, on a time, while snow-plow pressed
The pond'rous heaps by winds caressed;
While faggots burned— a cheerful fire—
I watched thro' lattice— horse and Sire;
(As blew the winds, the snow piled higher.)

Yes, higher, higher, till it seemed
No surcease of its anger dreamed;
While on one pile, a snow-bird dropped
From off a limb that faithless propped,
'Mid whirling winds and snow it stopped.

There 'neath the flakes, it buried lay
Like hopes oft built on faithless stay;
Engulfing all— so deep— so deep
That *Hope* her vigil dare not keep,
That tears— no, no, one cannot weep.

The house still stands, but gone are they
Where neither winds nor storm hold sway;
Lo! in the grave they buried lie,
Their spirits rest in heaven on high,
Until the breath of God sweeps by.

Oh, for those days of joy once more,
Again live o'er those days of yore!
December! bring them back again
With living form, like *April* rain,
The grasses, flow'rs, that dead have lain!

AN OLDEN STORY.

THE nations who in bondage dwell,
HO, list! the story I would tell;
Behold the flag of State unfurled
The stars and stripes greet all the world.

Unto *His* name be all the praise
For guidance in those dark, sad days,
That led them on to freedom, fame,
All praise be to *His* holy name.

In olden time a people grieved
O'er burdens borne— no hand relieved;
A king decreed, "thus shall it be,
And none must question my decree."

Assembled then, some fearless men,
With faithful wives, to ask God when
He'd lead them to a land more free,
Would guide their vessels o'er the sea.

The morning dawned, auspicious morn!
The band embarked who looked with scorn
On one man's power to thus enslave
Such able men, as well as brave.

They sailed thro' sunshine, storm, at sea;
They prayed the Father's mercies be
Vouchsafed to guide them to a land
Where all could worship, conscience manned.

They came upon a rocky shore,
A wild wierd waste,— now, loved in lore;
There down upon their knees they sank,
To humbly pray— their God to thank.

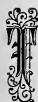
Yes, thank Him for this rocky waste,
For all His care— His love they taste,
For worship on this holy hill;
His loving hand supports them still.

They built them homes of mud and logs;
They tilled the land, in spite of clogs
That hurt their weary hands and feet,
While still they prayed in accents sweet:—

“So let us live that earth and sea
Shall marvel at a Nation free;
Where none is King, *but Thee, O, God!*
Who rules o'er all with loving rod.”

APOSTROPHE.

To the CITY OF BOSTON.

HOU quaint old City by the sea
With circling narrow streets, with tow'ring elms,
Strange birth-marks of the years gone by, which
point

To foot-prints of those heroes of the past—
The place of carnage— woe— renown. All this,
And more, revealed this truth; *oppression* dire
Drove man to desperate deeds— to dare, to die,
For freedom, right of man to equal man,
To worship God in light revealed to him.
With awe I walked thro' classic halls and streets
And scanned there the proof of history's page;
Saw where those martyrs, victors, slept unharmed
Just where they'd chosen rest with kindred dear.
Ennobling deed, preserving old-time graves,
Those stately elms, those moss grown stones,
From ruthless hands— rapacious greed and gain!
Thou Old, yet New, our "Athens" by the sea,
Art prone to cull from every pendent bough
The laurel leaves as thine by right, and then,
As if 'twere not enough for thee to own
This prestige of historic worth, thou, too,
Must hold our sweetest singer, bond, yet free,
Who sings us songs brimful of mirth.
We trust— we know thou'lt guard and care
Most tenderly his life— each silvered hair.

TO DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

August 29, 1894.



REETING:—

Most honored Sir! I greeting send;
The loving cup I'd also pass
With wine as rare as kiss of lass,
If thou thy muse to me would lend.

* * * * *

Sailing on o'er peaceful waters
Is a bark with silvered oars,
While the redd'ning rays of sunset
Fall in beauty on the shores.

Sailing on to shores— the mystic—
Led by subtle spirit forms
Reaching out and upward pointing
To a crown all free from thorns.

Bright the morning, clear the day-break
When the earthy pass away;
Clear reflection in the waters
When the tide shall ebb for aye.

Nearer, nearer, floating slowly,
Listless, still, the bark will be,
Closer, closer, to the haven—
Nearer, O, my God, to Thee!

To JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



REETING:—

Judged and sentenced, thou writer of themes
Aglow with keen wit and pleasing day-dreams,
Murmurings mellow, like “Running of Brooks”
Easy and flowing thro’ the shadiest nooks,
Sunlight soft lingers i’ the leaves of thy books.

What is the welcome we give to thy song?
How is it gaged by the critical throng?
It’s not to be ranked with product of purse
That stocks up the market with mis’rable verse,
Cold and unfeeling—all nature reverse;
Oh, no! we will bring choice wine o’er the sea,
Magnolia’s grand blossoms, bay from the tree,
Bunches of roses and laurel, *for thee*.

Rich are thy songs, when the nightingale sings
In plaintive sweet tones, “Green Fields” it e’er brings
Laureate poet, thy pass-word shall be
Ever an earnest of true minstrelsy;
Yea, bring the beaker, *the crown is for thee!*

VICTORIA.


(*Respectfully ascribed to the noblest of queens, Her Majesty Victoria,
Queen of England and Empress of India.*)

COPYRIGHTED, SEPT. 1891.

THE ev'ning shadows gather dark and chill,
Most noble Queen, a spray of laurel buds,
Of kindly thoughts and words of thy grand reign,
Send I to thee. Men crown with laurel wreaths
Their heroes when they're senseless clay, when soul
Has passed beyond the pale of peace or war.
But thou, most queenly Queen, shalt not go hence
Till o'er the waters wide my message's borne
To thee. Ah! well remember I the day,
It seems not long ago, when thou, so young,
So fair, wert crownéd Queen o'er all the Isles
Of Britain far beyond the sea. *And thou*
A woman. Dainty, loving, loved by all,
Thou'st stood the trial test with nerve of steel,
Of honor, virtue; able to achieve
An honored reign. So quietly hast thou
The cares, the honors borne, that people yet
Unborn shall tell the story of thy life.
Thou'st reigned a Queen with regal, righteous reign;
An Empress, too, o'er India's distant lands;
And still a Mother, fond and true, most kind.
When aye! the Master called thine loving Prince
Away from thee and left thee desolate,
Save but the lesser honors of a Queen,
The surging sorrows of thy heart swept o'er
The ocean broad, which echoed back to thee
Thy idol's broken—gone—*behold the King!*

Thy sun tho' losing not its lustrous rays,
Is nearing sunset glow, the eve of life.
And, as backward lookest thou, thou'lt see
Thy record—life well spent, a noble reign.
Thou'st strewn along the wayside, gems of worth,
True deeds of womanhood, most puenly, too;
And when the twilight cometh, as it will,
Of age and ills, the heritage of all,
Thou'lt lay not by this crown, the nobler part,
But, interwoven 'mid the leaves, wilt find
There shining, lustrous gems, thy virtues true;
And ere thou enter thy eternal rest,
Thou'lt find there, too, thou wert beloved by all.

GREETING.

E COME! ho, we come! with our greeting and song,
Bear witness, ye breezes, while wafting along
Dispersing the harmonies fresh from our hearts
Where dwelleth reunion which honor imparts.
We come! yes, we come! and we joyfully raise
Our hearts and our voices in peans to praise
Our Heavenly Father Who taught us to love
Our brother as Him Who e'er dwelleth above.
The sun in its brightness, dispelled the dark cloud,
The grief of the night was deep buried in shroud,
With joy in the morning we greet the new day
While united be ever the Blue and the Gray.
We come! ho, we come! with the flag to the breeze,
Brave soldiers who e'er on the land or the seas
Will fight for its honor and for deference due,
For united we stand the Gray and the Blue.

MY BABY.

FRED.

My baby is blithe and handsome,
A tiny wee bit of clay,
His eyes are like dew in sunlight
At fullness of high noonday.

His dimples, amid the roses
Pink tinting his cheeks so fair,
Seem like the charms of a fairy
When his laughter ripples the air.

We frolic on lawn and gambol
As tho' there no evil could be;
His look so trustful, confiding,
Bespeaketh a volume to me.

When dark seem the hours and lonely,
The light in his face doth shine
Like stars in the blue of the heaven,
A radiant light—divine.

He stands by my side in sorrow
And speaketh kind words to me;
We talk of the heavenly Father,
The beauties a christian can see.

In youth he sought not the scorner
But ever the paths of the good;
Among the christians he lingered,
A singer of Zion he stood.

When manhood at last he reaches
He still is as loyal and true;
Is singing so well the story
Of Him Who hath died for you.

His voice well rend'reth the anthem
While his fingers glide over the keys,
Pathet'cally answers the organ
Voicing the tenderest breves.


O, e'er may his lamp be burning
When over the river I've crossed
And reached the portal rejoicing
That Christ has his name engrossed.

DREAM ON, BUT DREAM OF ME.

Serenade for Quartette.

COPYRIGHTED, DEC. 13, 1897.

INTRADA.

s sleeps my bonnie, bonnie lass,
I'll hie me o'er the wild-wood pass;
When 'neath her window shadows play,
I'll sing my plaint in love's own lay.

I'll ask the sleeper, soft and low,
If to my heart she'll speed the glow
Of loving thoughts and words that thrill,
My longing heart with song to fill.

SERENADE.

Dream on, sweetheart, but dream of me
Who drifts alone on life's deep sea;
Who sighs as o'er the desert plain
Of hopes deferred, hears no refrain.

Call me thy lover bold and true
In fancy's realm when dreams are due,
Call me thine own, when wakeful hours
Shall find thee culling love's own flow'rs.

When in my song thy face I see,
Those drooping eyelids lift to me
And fondly tell me, mine thou'lt be
Mine, mine alone! *Thou lovest me!*

Good-night, my love, sweet be thy dreams,
Thy fancies be of pleasant themes;
Hope lives once more in this lone heart,
Mine, mine thou'lt be, mine ne'er to part.

CHORUS.

Good-night, sweetheart, good-night, good-night,
My heart's aglow with love's pure light.
Good-night, good-night, sweet be thy dreams,
Good-night, my love, good-night, good-night.

BELLS OF EASTER MORN.



SWEET toned bells of Easter Morn
What means the charming peal?
Why does the lily best adorn?

Why filled the soul with zeal?

The answ'ring chimes— our Christ on high
Is risen from the dead,
He, pure in heart, is ever nigh,
Makes soft the dying bed.

All hail bright morn and soulful bell!
All hail the lily fair!

With gladsome hearts with song we'll tell
He conquered Death— despair.


Lo! when the heav'ns are ope'd, that day
We'll see him "face to face."

O, blessed hope, our steadfast stay
While joys of heav'n we trace.

JACK FROST'S CHOICE.

Quartette.

SET TO MUSIC. COPYRIGHTED, FEB. 14, 1898.

 , GIVE me the winter with plenty of snow,
A cold, bracing winter, good sleighing, oh, ho!
A lass peeping out 'neath the robes as we go,
Yes, hail to thee, Winter! my secret you know.

CHORUS.

Ho! Winter is coming, is coming, heigho!
Old Winter is coming, heigho-o-o-o!
The harvest is gathered, the wood piled below,
The cider's all ready—Time's flight is too slow.
My Bess is a beauty, she's charmingly so,
Her eyes are the brownest, of lassies I know,
They sparkle like crystals, they twinkle and glow,
Outshining in brightness the stars as we go.

CHORUS.

Ho! Winter is coming, is coming, heigho!
Old Winter is coming, heigho-o-o-o!
Oh, give me the Winter with plenty of snow,
My Bess and the bells ringing merrily, oh!
Her cheeks are as rosy as apples, I know,
For oft am I tempted to steal their bright glow,
As over the snow-drifts we laughingly go,
Old Winter won't tell you my secret, I trow.

CHORUS.

Ho! Winter is coming, is coming, heigho!
Old Winter is coming, heigho-o-o-o!
Yes, give me the Winter with plenty of snow,
My Bess and the jingle of bells, oh, ho, ho!

BEHOLD THE STARS OF NIGHT.

Christmas Anthem.

Vol. III. Auntie Em's Songs for Children.

COPYRIGHTED, 1895.

BEHOLD, behold, the stars of night!
Bright gems of light,
All scattered o'er the skies gray blue,
His sent'nels true.

At rest amid the harsh, coarse hay,
Our Savior lay,
While lowing cattle caught the strain
Of heaven's refrain.

Behold, behold, the Lamb of God!
Where cattle trod!
The King of kings, our Father's Son,
The ONLY ONE!

Thou sacred Head, oh! could it be
No place for Thee,
To better pillow Thy dear Head,
Than this bare shed?

Wild ring, O, bells, thy chimes in swells,
In strain that tells
To all the world our Savior's birth
Has blessed the earth.

THE PATRIOT'S REFRAIN.

Vol. III. Auntie Em's Songs for Children.

SET TO MUSIC. COPYRIGHTED, 1896.

I LOVE thee, my country, of thee will I sing,
And praise thee forever; to thee will I bring
The leaves of the laurel to weave in thy crown,—
'Twere won for thy wearing by deeds of renown.
I'll cheer for thy prowess o'er land and o'er sea,
And cheer for thy symbol of peace floating free
That welcomes the stranger, that opens the door,
That the poorest may prosper as never before.
For thee, my dear country, for thee will I sing,
Till mountain and valley glad echoes shall ring;
Yes, I will exalt thee, but never debase thee,
Will fight with a will for freedom and thee.

WELCOME.

To Little R. C.

RUTH gleaned in days of old, from scattered sheaves
Of golden grain, as followed she the men
Who toiled from morn till eve; yet, scarce she spake
One word, but gleaned for sustenance. To her
The world seem'd shadow'd o'er with clouds so dark,
That came so near; 'twas night since Mahlon died.
But, scatter'd 'long her pathway, heavy heads
Of grain she found that yielded kernels rich;
And rays of sunshine flashed aslant like smiles
From Heaven. So, too, may fortune smile on thee
Whose tiny form is closely cuddled now,
As happy as was once the Ruth of old,
Unconscious that the world has naught but peace
And joy therein. With laurels crown'd may'st thou

Be spared from grief, from poison'd shafts, from pen
Or tongue, or thus from gleaning golden grain
O'er fields of stubble. Aye! may'st reap rich grain
All garner'd— come to thee, as leaves do fall
In Autumn,— easily.—————

ARBITRATION.

January, 1897.

WHEN people rise 'gainst persecution sore,
From grasping tyrants ever asking more;
A people burdened, humbled, and enslaved,
Rise to be free, tho' homes in blood are laved.
Lift up thy kindly voice, stretch forth thy hands;
Dost thou not hear the wail from other lands,
Loved Nation of the North? O, heed their plea,
The cry of wives and children calling thee.
Let all the nations join,—the wise—the strong—
To arbitrate,—appease the warring throng;
To help with earnest words and right good will,
Till peace and gladness sound from hill to hill.
Let Independence raise her drooping head
Rejoiced, the King of glory reigns instead.
Each Nation, Island, all on sea or land,
Heed well His loving words, His wise commands;
Proclaim to all on earth, that God is King,
His promise sure—that He will blessings bring;
Will stay Oppression's hand, the tyrant's heel;
'Tis God and God alone to Whom all kneel.
Sheathed be the sword unstained by blood of man,
No battles fought with breth'ren, race nor clan.
Controlled the fiery zeal, the great unrest,
The heav'nly Master sayeth, "Peace is best."

KNOWEST THOU.

WHEN I am dead, knowest thou I'm glad
From all life's changes to be freed?
Am glad no more of censure clad
In vain conceit and jealous greed,
Can once again my soul e'er grieve;
No galling words— no problems meet?
Am glad the realms of Death relieve
The soul from bondage, then, I'll justice greet?
Knowest thou what 'tis to trust a friend,
One prized for lack of selfish thought
That fain would lighten loads that rend
The heart with cares o'erwrought,
And find deep, rankling envy there
With jealous thoughts, 'neath smiles they wear?


PETITION.

O, THOU great Builder of this vast domain,
Of us, Thy children—all that lives and is,
Whose breath controls the winds—the roughest
waves—

Who holds the key, the knowledge of our worth—
Our destiny, for all Eternity.

When dawns the light of that all glorious morn,
Wilt Thou, O, Father, lead us to the light,
The *perfect day*? 'Tis said, "the dead shall live
Again," come forth from graves where they have lain
For time untold, renewed, to dwell with Thee.

LOVE'S PLAINT.

 , COME to me on thy waking,
Yes, come in the morning hour;
O, come when the birds are singing,
'Tis then the bee sips the flow'r.

I'll tell thee then of the May-time,
The linnet who piped alone;
The lark who mocked at the piping
With broken, tender tone.

The robin who swung on the branches,
With beautiful, bright-red vest,
Who sang the song of the forest
And roused all the birds from rest.


Who warbled and sang most sweetly,
Who swung and listened that day;
With beautiful notes enticing—
Triumphantly sailed away.

I'll tell to thee then the story,
A story that's old, so old,
'Twill thrill like sweetest of music,
Like a story that's never been told.

I'll tell thee how much I love thee,
I'll ask thee my heart to enfold;
I'll sing of my love, my longing,
The longing for love untold.


O, come to me in the morning,
The birds will echo thy song;
O, come when the dew is pearly,
O, hasten thy steps along.

DRAFTED.

TANDS a ruin by the roadside
Where once dwelt a happy pair
With their bright and rose-cheeked children,
All the world to them was fair.
Seasons came and went so cheerful
All seemed bright— naught could ensnare;
In the field with pride and vigor
Worked young Elwin free from care.
Whistling merrily while working,
Thinking not of war or woe,
And when western sun was sinking
Lightly tripped o'er stubbled row.
Round the table then were gathered
Happy hearts, while faces glow
Full of sunshine, quickly passing
When a soldier said, "Hello!"
Entered then an austere stranger
Saying thus, "Dear sir, a call
Call for troops; our *flag's* in danger,
Drafted— help defend— that's all!"
Drafted! swiftly was the speeding
Straight to hearts, with crushing blow;
Fatal words! O, why, the blighting,
Dark'ning homes with shadows so?
Darkness gathered o'er the household,
Forth the husband, father, went;
Long the contest, long the heart-ache,
Aching with its grief unspent.
Want and hardships hearts are breaking,

Clouds grow darker, thunders roll;
O'er the threshold's brought the father
While the church bell knells its toll.
Ah! the stranger little dreamed
Words he uttered then, "that's all,"
Carried with them untold mis'ries,
Buried joys beyond recall.
O'er a grave the grass is growing,
Vacant is the ruined home,
Widely scattered are the children,
But the flag floats o'er the dome.

WAR.

ALLING, dying, 'tis appalling
What I read—the message true;
See in vision soldiers battling,
Battling for the freedom due.

Oh, how sad the sequel of it,
Freedom won by shot and shell!
What is man that Thou art mindful
That he doeth all things well?

Many mourn the son, the lover,
Falling ere the vict'ry's won;
Falling, pierced with shell or bullet,
Falling 'neath a torrid sun.


Far away the dew is gath'ring
On the pale, the loved one's face;
Oh, how cruel, oh, how bitter
War is to a Christian race!

THE HERO OF MANILA.

DEDICATED TO ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY.

"Auntie Em's Songs for Children."

COPYRIGHTED, JUNE 3, 1898.

HEN Dewey first sighted Manila,
The stars were near hiding their light,
And off near the shores of the city
Were treacherous missiles of might.


But fearless and bravely he waited
Till morning succeeded the night,
Then out from the throats of the cannon
He dealt them a blow from the right.

Loud echoed 'mid din of the battle
Those talismanic words in refrain,
From sailors, the crew, and the captain,
"Remember, remember the Maine!"

Then, on from the left forth there thundered
The roar of the cannon once more,
Brave Dewey had leveled their fortress,
AN OP'NING FOR FREEDOM E'ERMORE.

Sing praise for the masterful leader,
Weave laurel and crown him Sir Knight!
Give cheers for the bravest of sailors,
With three for sweet freedom and right.

VICTORY.

HANKS be to God,
All, all rejoice;
Sing loud His praise,
Victory voice!

Victory the cry!
Ring the death-knell,
Broken's the yoke,
Ring, ring the bell.

Mourn for the dead,
Grieve for the loss;
Strew o'er their graves
Garlands of moss.

Gallant and brave
Fought on the sea,
Fought on the hill,
Cuba to free.

God ne'er'll forget
Where'er they lie
Still in His care
Under His sky.

GIVE EAR, O LORD!

July 3, 1898.

IN this hour of vict'ry hearken,
Father, hear my prayer, draw nigh;
Bring Thou peace and stop the carnage,
Hear, Thou, Father, pass not by.

Let not greed nor vain ambition,
Let not passion lead them on;
Save, oh, save from war—destruction!
Let all lean Thy staff upon.

Look Thou down upon the armies,
Guide the leaders safely on;
Lull the warring spirit in us,
Give us peace—the vict'ry won.

Let the flag of freedom flourish
O'er the earth, o'er isle and sea;
That all people shall acknowledge
Thou art God, all rest in Thee.

WE GREET THEE.

LOVED Isle of the Cuban,
Dear Isle of the sea;
Oh, bring forth the chalice
Sweet wine is for thee.

We greet thee, thou fair one!
For soon thou'lt be free;
Then sing in thy gladness
Of joys that will be.

SENTENCE.

The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitudes of the isles be glad thereof.—PSALM XCVII.

PRAISE ye the Lord!
Rejoice, with a glad heart
That the isles of the sea
He hath remembered;
In mercy heard their cry,
And backward turned their foes.
Give praise unto His name
Who gaveth strength to those
Who went to the field of battle—
Who saved them from defeat.
Praise ye the Lord
Who covered with the hollow of His hand
Those who went down to the sea
In ships, to feed the hungry—
Free from oppression! *All praise*
Be to the LORD of HOSTS, ever, evermore!

In Thy Depths,

O SEA!


LA BOURGOGNE, wrecked July 4, 1898.

BREAK o'er the dead and lash thy spray,
O Sea! while age on age shall roll;
Thy endless surging—endless sway,
Can never mar the deathless soul.

Down in thy bosom, buried deep,
Lie old and young, the fair, the plain,
In dreamless, everlasting sleep;
Where none can rescue—wake again.

Roll, roll thy waves, o'erpow'ring Sea!
Wail evermore thy dirge-like moan,
Till morn of Resurrection be,
When God will raise, will claim His own.

ROBIN.

AKE, robin, wake,
Summer's coming soon;
Wake, robin, wake,
Ere the heat of noon.

Sing, robin, sing,
Sing thy morning song;
Sing, robin, sing,
Bring thy singing throng.

Wake, robin, wake,
Sing thy thrilling lay;
Sing when first awake,
Sing at break of day.

Wake, robin, wake,
Ere thy birdlings peep;
Wake, robin, wake,
Sing them fast to sleep.

TO HELEN.

DANSIES for thee, O my darling,
Freighted with perfume so sweet,
Mingling with rarest of blossoms
Lovingly laid at thy feet.
Why dost thou smile, O my darling,
Cupid not yet ope'd thine eyes?
Stories my heart now would tell thee—
Language of flowers implies.

LULLABY.

SWINGING slowly in her hammock,
Baby loves the cooling breeze;
Blinking, teasing, laughing fairies
Dance around the swaying trees.

Creeping slowly, slumber's coming,
Creeping close to baby's eyes;
Yet she's peeping, peeping, peeping,
Watching mother, with deep sighs.

Slumber, hugging baby closely,
Slowly creeps to Sleepytown;
Fairies tripping, lightly dancing,
Seek this place of world renown.

'Round her head the soft breeze coming,
Playing with her auburn curls;
While the bees in concert's humming
And the leaflet whirls and whirls.




To my
GRANDCHILDREN.

GOD'S DIAMONDS.

"Auntie Em's Song Leaves," Vol. II.

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EE the sky as darkness covers
Earth with somber veil of night,
What a twinkling, blinking, winking,
Just like sparkling diamonds bright.

Ah! I know the names of many,
Know the place they stay at night:
Little stars, your worlds of brightness
Ever charm us with your light.


Said the moon in jealous anger
At the praise I did indite:—
"Only just one moment wait you
See, then, how I'll dim their light."

But the peerless stars did twinkle,
Twinkle on in merry glee;
Looking shyly at the moonbeams,
As if saying, "Wait and see!"

THE CHILD AND THE RAINBOW.

"Auntie Em's Song Leaves for Children," Vol. II.

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, MOTHER, do you see the sky
With lines of red and gold?
Oh, see! how closely they do lie
In blue and purple fold.

What is it, Mother? how it bends!
So beautiful it glows
With colors, rich in beauty, blends—
I wonder if God knows?

O, tell me, Mother, why 'tis so;
If God will let it fall
Where I can find all in a row
Those pretty lines and all?


My darling child, the shining sun
Sends rays on drops of rain
To make the bow so finely hung
Amid the cloud's domain.

God knoweth all things, sees them all,
The bow His mandates fill;
The tiny drops and shining ball
Reflect *His* promise still.

AMERICA, OUR FLAG, OUR HOME.

"Auntie Em's Song Leaves," Vol. II.

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MERICA, how grand thy name,
The honored land of freedom's song!
The stars and stripes our hearts inflame
Till welkin rings with echoes long.

CHORUS.

Three cheers for thee, America!
Our *Flag*, the Nation's pride!
As float its folds o'er land and sea
Let none e'er dare deride.

The pilgrim fathers, brave and true;
The pilgrim mothers, braver still,
Faced storms and battles, ne'er withdrew
Their fervent zeal or faith thro' ill.—CHO.


Those christian toilers, ever praise,
Who braved such trials to be free;
And guard with care thro' endless days
The priceless boon of liberty.—CHO.

Yes, freedom is our watch-word, song,
Sweet liberty to all who come,
And join in chorus loud and long,
America, our Flag, our Home!—CHO.

HARRY'S GARDEN.

"Auntie Em's Song Leaves," Vol. II.

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AINTY blossoms, pink and white,
Fragrant morn and eve,
When the dews of crystal light
Bathe the tender leaves.

Poppies in my garden, rare,
Sleepy, soothing flowers
Dream away all day out there,
Washed by gentle showers.

Roses, gems of all the flow'rs,
Perfume thine so sweet,
When thy beauty's marred with showers,
Hidden thorns we greet.

TO THE BIRDS IN THE WOODS.

"Auntie Em's Song Leaves," Vol. II.

COPYRIGHTED, 1889.

SING sweet, bonnie bird, thy matin notes clear,
As high soar'st above with birdlings so near,
Yes, warble together, trill little words
Thou sweetest of singers—beauteous birds.

All nature'll be silent, cheer with your song,
His presence seems near Who's given this throng;
We feel to rejoice and praise evermore
Our Father in heav'n, yes, ever adore.

As floats e'er aloft the soothing, sweet lay
While idly we sit the long Summer day;
Aye! dreaming and list'ning, hearts full of love,
To echoes from heav'n those notes from above.

Such melodies pure, harmonious strain,
That ángels might listen, join in refrain;
Then cease not thy song all thro' the long day,
But cheer us with music's sweet, soothing lay.

THE ANGEL'S REPLY.

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ANGELS are watching thee ever,
Thy trials and sorrows are known,
God will forget thee, no, never!
He'll gather the lambs 'round His throne.

Sleep then, my own darling boy,
Thy wishes are noted above;
Christmas shall be one of joy
With blessings of heavenly love.

THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL.

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Is the last day of school, then, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
We will shout and we'll sing with joyous *eclat*;
Then away with our books, think how merry we'll be
As we play in the sands far away by the sea.

As away up the mountain so high we will ride
O'er the peak and thro' dell, with our steaming horse
guide;

We will gather the flowers so wild, and we'll bring
Many specimens rare, from the rocks where they cling.

"Will you shout for me, too?" said our fair little Ruth,
"As I'm only a girl, that is all, it's the truth,
And, so weak, say the boys, I'm just fit (so they say)
With my dolls and my kittens forever to play."

WELCOME TO SPRING.

'Auntie Em's Song Leaves,' Vol. II.

COPYRIGHTED 1889.

All hail to bright Spring with the charm it doth
bring!

Dame Nature has wakened, let's laugh and be gay;
The wood flow'rs in blossom, the wood larks all sing;
All hail to the Spring! Yes, all hail! we all say.

Wild violets peep from out under dead leaves,
With welcome to Spring with its warm and soft
show'rs;

The lambs bleat in chorus, the robins on eaves
Sing welcome, glad welcome, bright Spring morn-
ing hours.

OUR FLAG.

THE stars and the stripes proudly wave in the
breeze
A witness to Nations of Freedom's decrees;
While under the folds we securely may stand,
Prosperity, fruitfulness, ever at hand.

May it peacefully wave, our guardian e'er be,
As bide we on land or we travel on sea;
Impress us to practice the law it implies,
Lest our watch-word's impeached, our boasting but
lies.

WHAT IS IT?

IHAVE something I love with gray eyes that glow
And fur that is soft and as black as a crow;
So softly she walks without even a shoe,
That often she frightens my little doll Sue.

I get her a ball and she tangles the twine,
Her eyes will then sparkle filled full of sunshine,
And then she will jump as tho' after a mouse,
Pretend to be chasing it over the house.

Now guess what it is, and I'll give you some fruit,
And then- if you'll catch her, I'll show you how cute
She drinks from her cup, then she's off in a trice
And wants you to seek her as she seeks the mice.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

IN Hagerstown there lived a man
So quaint and old, it seemed life's span
Was nearly run, that he no more
This earth could claim but as the door
To entrance of the farther shore.

So old and wrinkled, strange his ways,
He seemed to come from ancient days;
He walked the streets with downcast eyes
As tho' his thoughts were 'bout the skies
His home above—whene'er he dies.

But this same man was once as gay
As brightest lad e'er found this day,
High held his head, as born to rule,
And 'round him flocked the boys at school;
He lacked not friends—he was no fool.

He thought 'twas fine to treat with wine
As manhood ripened, so did dine
With jolly friends, all full of glee;
And jokes went 'round as all were free
To use their wit in repartee.

The wine flowed freely and the mind
Of each the group grew thick and blind
To right or wrong. The cards were brought
And sums put up, without a thought
To what it led—the scheme they sought.

The game went on, the wine still flowed
And all were dazzled by its load
Of fancies strange, dear friends were foes.
They quarreled, so the story goes,
Till all were gulphed in deepest woes.

The dear bright boy, the brilliant man
Had squandered all, for licensed ban
Had fired his brain and downward led;
He paused not till his hands were red
With blood from boon companions shed.
He fled, as from a nightmare bound,
From home and friends till here he's found
Without a trace of previous grace
To tell the tale of former place
Of home or kindred or of race.

An outcast from his old hearth-stone,
Remorse that tears could ne'er atone
Filled full his soul. With no assets
His sins rose up in dark concepts,
Without one hope—all vain regrets.

Let's ask this man, so aged and worn,
Would't not been best ne'er were he born
To quaff the fire that burned his life,
Robbed him of viture, riches—wife,
And drowned his nobler sense in strife?

Just listen, boys, the picture scan
And see *if laws with reason ran*,
The man would thus have lost his dower
His manhood, too, in one short hour
Were tempters vile all shorn of pow'r.

What think you, boys, of this sad tale?
Please, ponder well before you mail
The answer which I seek to know;
From your best judgment let it flow
In language plain—*the culprit show.*


Which one the greater sinner, he
Who drank the wine? or can it be
The man who sold the pois'nous draught?
Or, deeper still on him the graft
Who for a sum gave licensed shaft?


DOLLY.

DOLLY Dimple,
Why so simple,
Why not sometimes look more staid?
Have all dollies
Thus your follies,
Is it 'cause you are afraid?
Looking silly,
Little Willie
Thinks you are a stupid maid!
O, my dolly,
Not your folly
That your face's with smiles o'er laid;
I am sorry
You should worry
'Cause I did your smiles upbraid;
Yes, my jolly
Little dolly,
When I knew 'twas the way you're made!

WHY THESE JOYS?

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HAT mean these joyous bells, their music charms
mine ear?

What mean these brilliant lights, that gleam so
dazzling clear?

These people singing songs, so full of heav'nly zeal,
Till hallelujah's ring—all, inspiration feel?

Methinks it something rare must be, to cause such joy,
To call forth all this praise, good cheer, with no alloy;
Some object worthy, or perhaps, some act well done,
Calls forth such praise, such cheer, as tense as noon-
day sun.

I've heard a story told, how once a Child was born
In manger low, there rested till the break of morn.
"There was no room then, in the Inn," the landlord
said,

No downy pillow offered he, but hay instead.

I've heard it said a brilliant star, so bright it led
The Shepherd straightway o'er the hills and to His
bed;

They bowed in rev'rence to the Child, Him presents
brought,

And 'midst this homage so profound, His name they
sought.

And shall I tell you, do you know this stranger Boy?
Or what His name Who's filled the world with so much
joy? [lays,

'Tis for *His birth* these bells do ring, these lights, these
God's Son, our Lord, who gave such joy to Christmas days.

TO RUTH.

THE curls and kisses
For little misses,
Regrets for the gray-locks, Time the way blocks;
Many good wishes
For birthday blisses
And many the years untarnished with tears.

AMONG MY TREASURES.

SEARCHING among my treasures so dear,
Many the joy, full many the tear;
Letters of love—old letters so sad—
Letters so sacred—with halo seem clad.

Finding a lock of father's dear hair,
Silvered and brown and so silken and fair:
Seemingly seeing his dignified face
Teaching me wisdom and kindness and grace:

Finding another's, mother's so dark,
Glossy and fine, as tho' holding life's spark;
Tracings of silver lie in the wave—
Heart, be thou still, and be patient, be brave.

Looking beneath some flowers there lay
Yellow and crumpled—I turned in dismay—
Stained by the dampness, laid in with rue,
Baby's dear clothes and his half worn shoe.

ACROSTIC.

To my Grandson on his Birthday, Jan. 12, 1890.

By the marks of time I trace,
Lightly resting on thy face,
A twelve month, yes, one year—
Knowing this I greet thee, dear;
E'er rememb'ring how thy smile
Stole into my heart the while
Ling'ring lovingly with me;
Ever cherished shall it be,
Ever dear to memory.

GRANDMA'S SUMMER SONG.

TO LITTLE HELEN.


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Ay! nestle, my darling, on pillows of down,
And dream thee of faïres, that clover heads
crown,
While the grasshopper's song, with its rhythmic flow,
Doth mingle its music with zephyrs that blow
And lull thee to sleep, like the hum of the bee,
The buzz of the flies, or the waves of the sea;
The breezes, so gently, are fanning thy curls
As lightly as streamlet o'er pebbles low purls.
Ay! sleep in thy hammock, love, under the tree,
While softly the twittering birds in their glee,
Shall float o'er thy head, lest they wake with their
song
My treasure, my babe, who to dreamland hath
gone.

LINCOLN CLASS-SONG.

*Written by request and set to music for the graduating class of
Lincoln school, Chicago, Ill.*

AUNTIE EM'S SONG LEAVES VOL. II. COPYRIGHTED 1890.

o gently the sunshine is falling
With life giving warmth in its rays
It's op'ning the buds to full blossom
And gladd'ning the Summer's long days.

The robins that nestle above us
Are trilling their beautiful song
While Nature is beaming with brightness
Her verdure she's hasten'd along.

The showers and clouds may o'ertake her
(But glinting behind is the sun;)
She's glad of the copious blessing
She drinks up the raindrops as one.

Thus youth has its time for the gath'ring
Of jewels that knowledge has stored
And gleaning from out of her casket
The pearls of deep thought she would hoard.


Then faithful and true is the teacher
Who filleth with sunlight her room,
Diffusing like raindrops her blessing
By patiently helping to bloom.

Till, ripen'd like seed-cup of Autumn,
They gather to bid her good-by:
Yet, singing with sadness the class-song
And grieving that parting is nigh.

But bidding good-by in the sunshine
When glistening tears fill the eyes,
Like showers of April will brighten,
Will brighten all time as it flies.

TO RUTH BOYDEN.

On her Birthday. March, 14, 1889.

NE year of life, its joys, its ills,
Has passed with you, my little Ruth,
Although unseen by me, I trill
The echoes of your worth in truth.

As rosebuds fragrance will impart,
Their beauty blending with their breath,
So sweetness from the human heart
Distils by faithfulness till death.

Just sixty years thus far, I ween,
Gi'en me full taste life's bitter-sweet,
While rays of light of heav'nly sheen,
Cheer on and guide my weary feet.

While you begin life's thread to wind
I trend my way to fields unknown,
Save but the footprints left behind
Of Him Who sits upon the throne.

Then may you e'er see from afar
The beacon light of heav'nly ray
To guide you on as Bethlehem's star
Did guide the Shepherd's darken'd way.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

Two tiny black stockings were hung by the fire
And Rosy was fast asleep in her bed;
When dear little Kitty at once did conspire
To pull them right down and under her head.

She quietly slept a long time, I am sure,
When jingling of bells was heard overhead;
But Kitty kept still and was very demure
As Santa brought down a load from his sled.

All 'round the big chimney and under the bed
He hunted and hunted the stockings to find,
Till Kitty he spied;—and with not a word said
He jerked them out quickly—and Kit rolled behind.

And then there was music when Kit gave a bound,
Old Santa was frightened and ran for his sleigh,
While Rosy awakened and cried when she found
That Santa had fled with his bells far away.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Auntie Em's Songs for Children. Vol. III.

SET TO MUSIC AND COPYRIGHTED, 1895.

BRIGHTLY the sun is shining,
Brightly this blessed morn;
& Glinting the silv'ry snow flakes,
Crystals the earth adorn.

Happy is childhood's dreaming,
Happily float through brain
Visions of Christmas morning,
Stories told o'er again.



What of the bells whose clanging
Wakens the sleeper at morn?
What of the singing of anthems?
Christ this day was born.

Forth bring the golden censer,
Sing to the Father's praise;
GOD gave *His choicest treasure*,
THAT gave us *Christmas days*.

WHICH?

Dedicated to H. Blakeslee Boyden. Auntie Em's Song Leaves. Vol. II.

SET TO MUSIC AND COPYRIGHTED 1890.

ND shall it be cold water
We drink from stream or rill,
E'er bringing joy thereafter,
With freedom and good will?

CHORUS.

O, I will drink cold water,
From sparkling brook or well,
And pledge to that my manhood,
Shun him who poisons sell.

Or shall it be the wine cup
Engrossing all the soul,
While leading ever downward,
To vice beyond control?


CHORUS.

Yes, I will drink cold water,
Cold water pure and clear;
And cheer for that forever,
With courage not with fear.

APOSTROPHE.

TO CHRISTMAS DAY.

SET TO MUSIC AND COPYRIGHTED 1895. AUNTIE EM'S SONGS. VOL. III.

LL hail, bright day! we'll sing a lay
Replete with joy and gladness,
We'll deck thy brow with spruce and bay
And feast away all sadness.

With crown of green, a sparkling sheen
Of berries red and yellow,
That brings out cheer in homely scene
From voices soft and mellow.

Thou vi'st with Spring, as bells do ring,
In warm and sunny weather;
No flakes of snow doth Boreas bring,
But tiny tears together.

If cold and clear, thou hast no peer,
For yule logs from the heather
Will burn and blaze and bring good cheer,
In spite of snowy feather.

Then hail, bright day! for aye, for aye,
We'll sing thy joys forever;
For He who in the manger lay
Brought life that naught can sever.


Then let us live and presents give
To those most sad and lonely
Who kindness need—a heavenly meed,
Of acts and not—words only.

THANKSGIVING.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4.

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Thanksgiving Day. No. 1.

HANKFUL are we, dearest Father,
Mercies rich have been bestowed,
Food and raiment we've had plenty,
Kindest hearts with love o'erflowed.

Teach us so to love our playmates

That all wrongs we'll over look;

Teach us to be kind and gentle,

Cruel anger never brook.


Then we'll truly feel more thankful,

That our hearts were taught Thy love,

And to feel we've caused another's

Heart to thank our God above.

Thanksgiving Day. No. 2.

O! to grandma's we are going,
Let us hasten, leave our play,
Yes, you knows she will be waiting
As it is Thanksgiving day.

See, the sun is brightly shining,

Melting old King Frost away,

Sending this his merry greeting,

So we'll have a happy day.

And we'll sing the same true story,

Handed down from olden time;

Just as grateful as the founders

Of the old New England line.

Thanksgiving Day. No. 3.

FLAKES of snow like whitest feather
Fell outside like wint'ry weather
Gath'ring 'round the frost killed glory,
Resting lightly, chill and hoary.

Old King Frost gave winter entry,
E're the Indian Summer's sentry
Scarce had filled his timely measure,
Till was garnered ev'ry treasure.

Thankfulness was voiced in singing
Praise to God for gen'rous giving,
As were gathered those who loved us,
'Round the hearth, that day so wondrous.

Thanksgiving Day. No. 4.

HILL November I remember,
When the apple-strings hung high;
Nuts were plenty in the gran'ry,
Happy day for you and I.

Busy hands, bright eyes were gleaming
Over mince and pumpkin pie,
While the sav'ry turkey's steaming,
Thankful, happy hearts were nigh.

Boys and girls, our loved home circle,
Telling dreams of fairy land,
Wreathing parings name of lover,
True as letters writ in sand.

IN MEMORIAM.

SACRED are the mem'ries ling'ring
In my heart, of those held dear
Who have wandered o'er the river
Leaving me a wanderer here.
Wand'ring thro' the shadows, groping
For the light that seemeth near;
Struggling for the gilded chalice,
Finding but the briny tear.

JESUS WEPT.

‘TWAS o’er the grave of Laz’rus bended He
In sorrow, grieving that he was no more.
A *Savior’s* tears! *Why* should he sorrow so
Whose voice was in the winds He checked at will?
Who bade the waves be still while storms beat fierce
And lashed with furious roar the waters high
Who turned, at feast, the water into wine
So rare, ’twere fit for angels ’lone to quaff,
Then revel in the glory of the King of Kings?
Who’d raised the widow’s son and baffled Death
Once more? Who healed the sick, the erring ones
Drew in the path that leads to life and light?
Tis not for tongue or pen to note all deeds
’This gentle, wondrous *Son of God* hath wrought,
This grandest prototype of man’s estate,
This light that shines, by ages yet undimmed.
Then ask not thou, O, man, *why* Jesus wept.
’Twas but His gentle manhood wept, while thro’
His soul came surging from the Throne above,
“*I dwell in Thee and Thou in Me; say Thou—*
Move ’way the stones! Call forth Thy friend to life!”
Then *Jesus* lifted up His voice and said:
“*I thank Thee, Father, Thou hast heard me now.*”
And with loud voice He cried:—“Lazarus—
Come forth!” Then came he forth bound hand and foot
And *Jesus* said, “Loose him and let him go—
By this they know that *Thou, O, Father,* sent
Me unto them, and see *Thy* glory too.”
What pow’r, what love like this, can’st find in man?

'Tis said *He wept* like other men, when waves
Of sorrow sweep the human soul and gone
Their treasures are—this *Man of sorrows wept*.
Those sacred tears were waymarks left behind,
Rare trophies of transcendent love that marked
The impress of a higher life, above
All else. Life giving as the sun to earth,
Tho' at the grave where Laz'rus lay, He wept.

MY NIECE.

Mrs. EMMA ATWOOD RICE. Died August, 12, 1890.

THUS do I remember Emma,
Flaxen hair and eyes of blue;
Singing like the robin redbreast
Light of heart, so loving, true.
As the twilight dews were gath'ring,
Many, many years ago;
Lightly tripping, sweetly singing,
Emma came o'er clover blow.
'Neath the apple tree she bended,
(Little fairy sprite was she;)
Bending, standing on her tiptoe,
Kissed me thro' the fence with glee.
Now the echoes, echoes reach me,
Is it truth the message tells,
That the bride in death is sleeping
And I hear the tolling bells?
Shadows fallen 'round the hearth-stone,
Loving hearts are clothed in gloom;
Leaving lasting void and heartache,
Culled this flow'r while yet in bloom.

MY FATHER.

Eld. DAVID BLAKESLEE. Died March 1, 1868.

“**B**EWARE the Ides of March.” These fateful words
So long ago were uttered that now heard
Seem empty, vague. The warning words of mind
So ancient that the zest of meaning is
As misty vapor to the bursting cloud.
Yet, thou, O, March! did'st speed Death's message thus
To blight the last remaining hope that bound
The heart of man to earth, and all its charms.
Of snow and sleet (so cold and bleak the winds)
The fields were full; so deep, that scarce a man
Could trace a passage thro' the street; and yet,
O, fiercest winds of March, to Father's door
Thou bor'st the shaft of Death so dread. The guest
Unbidden entered, said: “The Master's called!
Make haste, thy mission here's fulfilled, complete;
The talent given thee, thou hast increased
An hundred fold. Thy pure and noble life
Unstained. Make ready for the feast, for thou
His guest shall be forevermore.” “Just as
Thou wilt, O, God!” the answer came, “Thou hast
My table spread before, with blessings rich
And rare; mine arm upheld when oft I've borne
Earth's trials sore, Thy grace sustained my soul
When sinking, till on Pisgah's top I felt
Uplifted. Thou my Guide, did'st feed
Me with Thy love. Indulgent Father, Thou!
Just as I am come I to Thee—my all.
Ay! life is sweet, but oh, to look beyond!

To be with Christ is sweeter far—to drink
That cup of bliss 'twould fill the soul with joy
Till lips would praise and never thirst for more.”
The Storm King raged; all hedged about with snow,
Death found his mark and laid my Father low;
His voice was stilled—no counsel more could give,
No more expound the Word and point the way;
But, oh, the impress of his words so fraught
With justice, goodness,—noble, loving thought,
Can never be erased from out my mind,
But live like letters wrought of finest gold
That bears the heat of furnace, sevenfold.


MY SISTER.

Mrs. MARY A. BLAKESLEE STILWELL. *Died Oct. 3, 1895.*

AND so my sister's dead; gone, gone from earth,
Dead to the world; laid by her task, her hopes,
For an eternal rest. Has safely passed
The mist that hung in folds with shadows dense,
To rest with God forever, evermore.
Tho' bent and bowed with grief she traveled long
Alone the rugged path of life, sustained
By His great love, His words, “Abide in me.”
With gift of talents rare, she found rich fields
In classic lore, the beautiful in art,
Till ev'ning came with sunset glow—the knock
Of Death whose breath was like the frosted snow
On rip'ning grain, or flowers of Autumn's blow;
Then passed she thro' the valley, led unseen
O'er rock-rift banks, and sailed beyond our ken.

MY MOTHER.

RUTH WOOD BLAKESLEE. Oct. 14, 1872.

CTOBER days, how sad the lays
That murmur through the dying leaves
And tell us of departing days,
The harvest home of ripened sheaves.

The heart is tuned in minor key
By its sad notes of minstrelsy,
And yet, we know we're nearer thee
And all who've solved the mystery.

October day so calm, so still,
My mother's spirit passed away,
The summons ready to fulfil,
It entered realms of endless day.

That spirit bright went home above
Where naught of sorrow e'er is known,
But all is joy and peace and love
Amid the angels 'round the throne.

So worthy, true, my dearest friend,
How can they be but sad to me
October days, till life shall end,
Reminders of my losing thee.


I miss thy counsel, tender care,
I miss thy loving, fond embrace;
I miss the music, voiced so rare,
AS FLOW'RS THE SUN, I MISS THY FACE.

Thy genius rare as costliest gem,
Thy virtues all of sterling worth
Shine yet, a living theorem
As when thou graced the fireside hearth.

O, Mother, mine! how oft I've thought
Could I but solve Death's secret clear
I'd fly to thee nor stop for aught
That intervenes thro' darkness here.

EDWARD B. BOYDEN.

Died Oct. 22, 1858.

UT among the daisies
Where I watch in vain,
Lies our darling baby
Fast asleep again.

Sleep that knows no waking,
Eyelids sealed down
By Death's cold icy fingers
Ere he placed the crown.

Fast the falling shadows
Gather 'round his grave,
Low the daisies drooping
Drops of dew they crave.

Stars are constant watchers
Twinkling from above
Casting longing glances
For the captive dove.

To MY SISTER.

JEANNETTE. Jan. 15, 1890.

SISTER, in thy darkened chamber,
Come the rays of light divine,
See how cheering, free from danger,
Guiding thee along the line.

In thy anguish see the Master
Holding up His pierced hand;
He, too, suffered much disaster,
With the crown at His command.

Cheer thee up, O, suff'ring sister,
God's right hand supports thee still;
Though thy cup may seem too bitter
Faith will tell thee 'tis His will.

MY SISTER.

Jeannette. Jan. 27, 1890.

LIFE's fitful fever" o'er, thou hast lain down
To rest, like leaves of Autumn, drooped and died.
The time of rip'ning came, but, oh, too soon!
For clinging tendrils, loving thoughts were twined
From heart to heart; and, oh, how great the pain,
As Death's relentless grasp did part in twain
Those tender ties! Thy life of quiet peace,
Of kindest deeds, so ready to retrieve a wrong
Lest "bruised reed" might break and fall
That made it beautiful to thee—to all.

TO MY COUSIN.

LEANDER S. WOOD. Died April 26, 1895.

FAREWELL, farewell, with God to rest
Thou'st entered in the glow;
The Master called thee as His guest
To heav'nly glories know.

Aye! in the land of light and love
You'll face the Triune Chief;
You'll sing with the redeemed above,
While we are bowed with grief.

Sing on, loved friend, we'll bear the pain
That rends our hearts so sore;
Death's harvest is eternal gain,
Thou'st only gone before.

TO MRS. C.

Feb. 17, 1897.

THEY'RE passing, passing one by one,
All thro' the silent night;
They're wand'ring toward the setting sun
Then fading from our sight.

Now he beholds his Father's face
All glorious with light,
Although the mist between apace
Did hide him in his flight.

Pray! lift thine eyes and murmur not,
'Tis God's all wise decree;
This summons is the common lot
Of all on earth that be.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Memorial Hymn. TUNE:—"She rests in God."

COPYRIGHTED MAY, 4, 1897. AUNTIE EM'S SONGS FOR CHILDREN, VOL. III.

TOLL softly, toll, ye muffled bells,
The sad low peal the story tells,
As morning breaks Memorial Day
How Lincoln passed from earth away.

Unflinching faith, untiring heart,
Wrought out the sequel of his part;
With one broad stroke he broke the bands
That held enslaved a Nation's hands.

A noble man of simple way,
Who bravely dared his part to play,
To aim for justice, right 'gainst wrong,
The potent charm in Freedom's song.

Sing low the dirge, in mem'ry keep
This martyr's creed of concepts deep;
Sing praise to God, while breezes fan
The laurel o'er *an honest man.*

Loud peal, ye bells, our Nation's free
From dark'ning stains of slavery;
All sing for joy—heal wounds 'twere made
In hearts upon the altar laid.

THOMAS HOPE.

Died September, 1, 1889.

LAY flowers, fair flowers, on our dear young friend's
grave,

Where grasses will grow and the willow will wave;
Bring lilies as pure as the soul that has flown
To heavenly mansions—the dear Savior's throne.

He built him a nest and he chose him a mate,
The brightest of sunshine e'er played with their fate;
When lo! One has beckoned him far from its door,
The Master has called with His boat on the shore.

He answered the call and his mate sits alone,
With saddest of hearts, her great loss to bemoan.
This summons from heav'n, 'tis so hard, it is owned,
To thank the dear Lord for the time he was loaned.

Then murmur not, heart, for the rod and the gloom,
O, say not, why cuttest the wheat when in bloom?
A record so pure, showing ripeness of soul,
Is fitness for glory—the heavenly goal.

HE birds their matin sang
And thro' the woods it rang
High unto heav'n,

And Night her curtain drew
Till morning light shown thro'
Tinging a grave

Where silence reigned supreme
Save winds, wild wailing theme—
A requiem sad.

ECHO


From the life-work of Miss Frances Willard. Feb. 22, 1898.

HEAR Father, I have worked in vineyards where
The thorns were thick, and fields seemed barren,
poor,
And yet, at times, light shone, the yield was good
For Thy kind hand did'st guide and lead me on.
I sought to teach the tempted how to live—
To worship Thee—be pure in thought and deed.
Of Thee I oft, in supplication, sought
My heart's desire for "*Home and Native Land*,"
And asked Thy aid in leading wayward ones
To nobler lives, misguided by the glow
Of wine-cup leading down to ruin, woe.
I asked of Thee to give them strength to rise
From 'neath temptation's thrall, to live pure lives;
And Thou, O, Father, gavest ear and clothed
My speech aright. Thou strengthened weary ones.
Most High, Most Holy One, my bark was frail
And lo! it's stranded on the shores of Time;
Stretch out Thine hand, receive thy fainting child.

Tribute To

GEN. WM. T. SHERMAN.

Died Feb. 15, 1891.

T half-mast floats our flag to-day
And grief in many hearts holds sway;
A soldier—comrade's name's enrolled
Among the dead for time untold.

Paroled that he might enter rest,
The barrack's framed for soldier guest;
The bugle call will stir no more
The heart that now has crossed the shore.

Who'll e'er forget his march to sea
His noble charge—"No forage be?"
The crown he won with sparkling gem
Will glisten still,—HIS DIADEM.

Yet, wide the waste, loved homes destroyed
As marched he on with hope that buoyed;
While honor, vict'ry, crowned HIM grand,
He left but sadness thro' the land.

His sword is sheathed, the battle won;
His fame will live, tho' life is done;
Tattoo then beat—as Sherman rests
From wars and cares 'mid comrade guests.


Then fold the flag he loved so well
Around the *Brave*, who nobly fell
When Death the matchless Gen'ral came
And lured from earth his peerless game.

The last call sound, O, soldier, now
O'er fallen comrade's laureled brow;
Consign to earth the mortal frame
The *spirit lives, so does his Fame.*

MR. EDWARD NORTON.

(Editor Madison Observer.)

Died at Morrisville, N. Y. Nov. 19, 1893.

VER the breakers at last, old friend,
Into the mystic sea;
Far from the sorrows of mortal life
Changeless thy portion be.

Gentle and pure was thy peerless life,
Honor thy breast-plate wore;
Never a trace that would mark disgrace,
Looking thy life-work o'er.

Gold is e'er tried in refining fire,
Well hast thou passed the test,
Ready to yield to the icy shield
Gently takest thy rest.

Pleading, we'd asked a longer stay
Here where thy home has been,
Stay of the shaft the winds never waft,
Death never enter in.

Peacefully rest and farewell, farewell,
Crowned in the house of God;
Sit at His feet with thy joys complete,
The tenement under the sod.

GEORGE DYE.

Died Feb. 5, 1892.

(Read at his funeral.)

“I am not afraid to die.”

THUS spake this noble youth, as waited he
The Master's call to solve the mysteries
Beyond the sea of life. Like unto wheat
Of choicest mold that's kept for seeding time
Was garnered he, to grow in richer soil;
To rise in Christ, renewed and glorified.
Frail bark! thou'st reached thy moorings ere thy sun
Attained its noonday glow,—whilst thou wert yet
Unsullied by the mazy whirl of life's
Deep soundings. Yet for thee to die was gain.
Could but thy noble life be scanned by men
Who're on the downward way; what longings must
Be theirs, to merit, wear a crown like thine
Immortal; say, from out the depths of soul,
Like unto thee:—“I'm not afraid to die.”

FLOWERS scatter, fresh to-day,
O'er his form of lifeless clay;
Close thine eyes, in vision see
Spirit clothed in purity.

He is now in heav'n a guest
'Mid the meek and lowly blest;
See, he basks in God's own rays,
Dwells with Him thro' endless days.

APOSTROPHE

TO LORD ALFRED TENNYSON. *Died September, 8, 1892.*

THOU who wert crowned with laurels—rich in years;
So proud, exclusive, knowing well that thou
The summit reached would fear not wind nor tide
Below, if either one were false or true.


Thou from those heights sent broadcast songs of worth
And they were gathered gladly—manna sweet,
For future food. But lo! the subtle fiend
(’Twas he whom we call Death) hath found that he
Hath power to clip thy wings, and bring thee down
As all, to couch of pain—to dreamless sleep.

Could he have envied thee thy joy? thy home?
Thy Aldworth home with wife and loved ones near?
That, stealing in, he breathed his subtle breath
Toward thee and laid thee down to die with songs
Unsung—crushed flow’rs of thought thou might’st
have penned.

Now, darkness gathers thick and dense o’er all;
Thy mantle’s fallen, where? on whom thy gift
Of song? what priceless heritage ’twould be!
Most favored Poet Prince, ’twas thine to drink
From cup of gold, filled full to brim, the wine,
The nectar of renown, ere night drew near
To thee with deathly pall, so rich thy field
Of vision was, the yield was good, was great,
Its fruitage scattered o’er the world, a feast
To find. How could the answer back but bring
Thee joy and peace, with naught of shadow near!
The legacy bestowed we’ll treasure long
And grieve thou art no more.——

MY COUSIN.


FRANKLIN M. NORTON. *Died June, 9, 1893.*

VER the shoals of Time, dear friend,
The shadowy valley passed;
Thy form lieth low,
Thy spirit we know
Is at rest,
Replete in thy glorified end.
Oh, for a glance at thy joyful face
So free from all care and pain;
To once grasp thy hand
As thou dwell'st in that land
Well assured
Of a place—a meet bidden guest.

REV. DAVID WILLIAMS.

Written for the Welsh Eisteddfod.

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SHEPHERD lieth down. God giveth His beloved
sleep—
A sleep that knows no waking, save when He His
trump shall sound
To call the faithful home as maketh He His jewels up.
The scythe of Father Time spareth not high nor low,
as hies
He forth when Master calleth, ripened grain to gather
in.
The pleading wife, the loving child, the doting parent,
friend [zeal
So true, he heedeth not, but cutteth with relentless

Our brightest, dearest, earthly treasures—ever gar-
n'ring in.

'Twas thus this servant of the living God was drawn
and ta'en

From out this earthly fold to be with Christ, our
heav'nly King.

E'er faithful, true, a vessel of the great *I Am*, this man
Of God proclaimed the truths of *Holy Writ* with fear-
less zeal

Unflinchingly. The darts from doubting minds fell
thick

And fast but God's protecting pow'r left not one
scar behind.

His years were numbered, full, completed his allotted
time;

The work all finished he was giv'n to do, his Maker
called;

Then lightly from his shoulders fell his mantle, trust-
ing, full

Of hope, he entered into lasting rest—to be with
Christ.

O, watchman, on those heavenly heights, can'st draw
aside the veil

The beatific vision we may view? one glimpse of
heav'n

To ease these mourning souls, and there behold their
friend in robes

Of white, a crown of glory glitt'ring full of stars
well earned.

While those bereft submissively ascribe, Thy will be
done.

How beautiful the feet, 'tis said, of those who travel
o'er

God's holy hill with songs of Zion on their tongues,
praise evermore.

The cycling ages roll ne'er changing laws divinely
made

By Heav'nly Will. "*'Tis not in man that walketh*" here
on this

Terrestrial globe, the pow'r to *guide, forestall, direct,*
or stay

The path marked out for all. *If 'twere not so how soon*
we'd bar

Grim Death outside our door, while friends remained
within with life

And joyous hearts, no longer sad, submerged all our
fears!

O, restless mortals! knowest thou what thus thou'dst
cast away?

All hope depart for higher, brighter glories, wisely
planned?

Let spirit answer spirit, soul with soul commune.
Look down

O, watchman, on these stricken friends and tell them
of the home

Above, the city of the King of Peace—its jasper walls,
Its golden streets, the light of heav'nly glories yet
unseen.

Dark grave, so cruel! hiding thou the loving form
of him

Whose life was fraught with kindness, virtues rare,
one prized by all.

O, hear! and open thou thy portals wide that he may
rise

Renewed, his vision cleared of all but Christ our Lord.
Gird on his armor new, that he may tell of joys all
full

Of love Divine, the glories of the new Jerusalem,
The joy to be with Christ in house not made with
hands and sing

The beauteous songs that angels sing around the sa-
cred throne

Of King immortal. Yea, a King once crowned with
piercing thorns

Whose bleeding side dismayed accusers vile. Ah, me!
our Lord.

Could aught else be his theme? Redeeming love for
sheep who'd gone

Astray, to win them back to pastures green, to cheer
them on

O'er Jordan's stream and guide them safely to their
heav'nly home.

Methinks I hear Him say, "The feast is ever ready,
come

And eat." The limpid stream of God's pure love
e'er floweth on

And all is tranquil as a summer's day. List, list, O,
list!

My earthly friends, and cease thy mourning sad, the
still small voice

E'er speaketh words of love and comfort too. "Lo!
I am with

You." Hear His voice. Such treasures rare, you
ne'er beheld as wait

For those whose lives are pure, all free from taint,
in order set

Their house, for lo! when Bridegroom comes He wait-
eth not for them.

His bride is pure, of lily whiteness is her soul, of such
The Father saith, "I've need of thee," and calleth
home.— —

The *Mansion grand's His heart*, so broad, so deep, there's
room for all.

The *Tree of Life*, with branches whole's the fountain
head of life


Divine, full and complete at Death's last call. Yea,
treasures in

That Mansion of the blest, the half the joys can
ne'er be told

By mortal tongue, nor pen describe the brightness
of the home

Where dwelleth saints with CHRIST the LORD, ALL
THREE IN ONE.

EVE OF LIFE.

HADES of eve are slowly gath'ring,
Fading is the sunset glow;
Leaves of life we silent ponder,
Viewing what our records show.

When the harvest nears the reaping
Idly stands—fruition's won;
So the Savior's sheaves stand ready,
Death hies hither—work is done.

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